

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXII. No. 2106

London
November 5, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
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THE TATLER

LONDON
NOVEMBER 5, 1941

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price :
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXII. No. 2106



Sailors in Shorts : Admiral Somerville Visits the Ark Royal

Vice-Admiral Sir James Somerville recently visited H.M.S. Ark Royal and congratulated officers and ship's company for good work done in action against the enemy. Admiral Somerville (right) and Captain L. E. H. Maund, who commands H.M.S. Ark Royal, were photographed in the Navy's neat and attractive hot-weather dress on the deck of the aircraft-carrier. Both have been lately decorated—Admiral Somerville, K.C.B., D.S.O., was awarded the K.B.E. for "gallantry, determination and resource in command of Force H," and Captain Maund, who got the C.B.E., was among those decorated for "distinguished services in the masterly and determined action" in which the Bismarck was destroyed. H.M.S. Ark Royal appears in a new British film, *Ships With Wings*, of which pictures are on pages 184 and 185



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Approaching the Climax

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S Navy Day speech was the most challenging of his career. He challenged Hitler as well as the Isolationists in his own country; and went nearer to declaring war on Germany than he's ever done before. It only remains for Congress to do that now. The President has given the lead. Yet it is strange how flat the speech seemed to fall on first comparison with so many of his others for which we have waited so expectantly in past months. But this affect can be ascribed to the astuteness of President Roosevelt's political methods. He's a gradualist. This is how he has transformed and practically united the outlook of 130,000,000 people. This is how he is routing the Isolationists who have been fighting him from the tops of their tall money bags.

Ever since his Chicago speech three years ago in which he warned America that unnamed aggressors were out for world conquest, President Roosevelt has been gradually working up to a climax. The Isolationists are dwindling. Those left are on the run. At any moment President Roosevelt will collect the voices of Americans in a unanimous declaration of war.

Axis Screams

WE may be disappointed. The declaration of war may not come as soon as I expect. Clearly the Germans and the Italians expect it at any moment now. By their ranting and their screams they have displayed their anxiety. America's entry into the war with the arrival of the first snow would be a direct blow at the winter belt-tighteners in Berlin. Not even the fall of Moscow—if it occurs—would be compensation to the German people.

America has been a war symbol before. She will be again. The resources of America are being geared up to war needs while all Hitler can get out of conquered Russian territory when the snow has gone will be the scorched earth. If the Germans can organise that they will be, indeed, remarkable people.

Warning to Tokio

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL Tojo has declared the policy of his Government. It is one of expansion. This means aggression. He says there can be no retreat for Japan. We can assume therefore that there will be no peace negotiations with the United States and Great Britain. Tension must rise in the Pacific. President Roosevelt's speech was an unspoken warning to Japan. It may cause them to pause, but I doubt it. Japan is at crisis point.

If there is a Japanese attack on Russia, the experts believe that it will come in the form of a sudden thrust towards Vladivostok, and a second thrust with the object of cutting the Trans-Siberian railway. The Russians believe that if the attack is coming it will be soon because of the weather. The prospects of a clash do not depress them. They have air superiority in Siberia and valuable lessons in modern warfare to their credit, which the Japanese have yet to learn.

Also, the Russians have two separate armies. One has proved its worth against Hitler's mechanised hordes, and the other is waiting intact and unweakened for the Japanese jackal.

Ex-Ambassador Speaks

MR. JOHN W. CUDAHY, former Ambassador of the United States in Brussels, saw Belgium over-run by the Germans. He also witnessed the early stages of King Leopold's unremitting passive resistance to Hitler's invasion. Now we learn that he is a supporter of the America First Committee. He wants the United States to join with Britain and France in working out a peace agreement with Germany. This will surprise most of his friends.

I remember meeting Mr. Cudahy on the Irish Mail steamer one blustery night in the months preceding Hitler's invasion of the Low Countries. He had just received a few hours' notice to pack his bags and get to Brussels

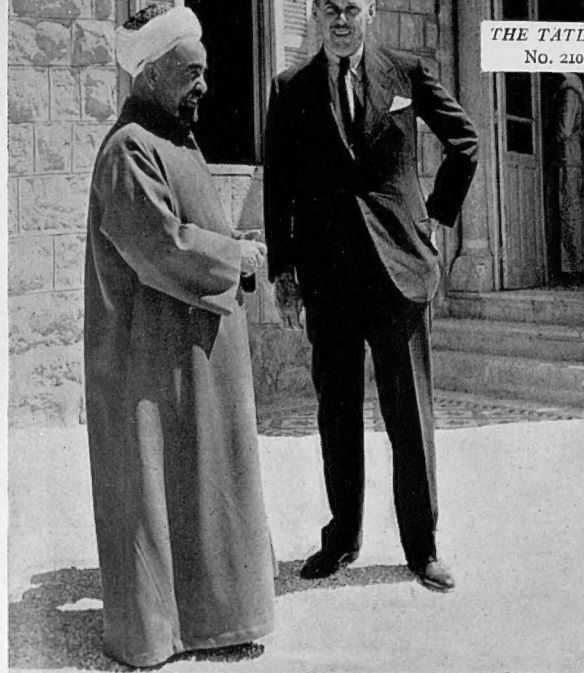
without delay to take over the United States Embassy there. Such speed is abnormal even in American diplomatic methods. But President Roosevelt's message had been urgent, and Mr. Cudahy said to me: "I feel like a newspaper man, being rushed here and there."

The pitching of the boat prevented our further conversation over the brandy and soda, but on his withdrawal from Belgium I saw Mr. Cudahy again and noticed how deeply impressed he was with Hitler's mighty armies. He was all out for appeasement then; but he did not show his hand publicly. Apart from his passion for hunting—which caused him to accept a step-down in the American Diplomatic Service in order to take over the Legation in Dublin—Mr. Cudahy's ambition has always been to be a writer. The life of a travelling correspondent has always fascinated him. So after leaving the Diplomatic Service he joined the American magazine, *Life*, and accepted an assignment to go to Berlin. He saw Hitler, and was quick to notice his antagonism to everything American. Afterwards Mr. Cudahy described Hitler's appearance as that of a sick man who wasn't getting any sleep. He prophesied that he would not live long. Now he wants to do a deal with a dying man!



The Prime Minister Is Host to the King and Queen

The King and Queen went to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill. This was the first occasion that their Majesties have lunched at 10, Downing Street with the present Prime Minister, and though their visit was kept a secret there was a large crowd outside to cheer them on arrival. Mr. Churchill shook hands with his Royal guests on the doorstep as they left



East Meets West

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, who has been in Cairo since July as Minister of State, went to Amman for a conference with the Emir Abdullah of Transjordan. The Emir, who is a staunch supporter of British policy, has played an important part in Middle East politics for twenty years. Unlike his brother, the late King Feisal, he still wears his native Arab dress.



The Duke of Gloucester Inspects the Defences of Gibraltar

The Duke of Gloucester, who was recently promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, paid an official visit to Gibraltar. While there he inspected all the military and naval units and civil defence services. He also attended the ancient Ceremony of the Keys, the locking of the fortress's gates at sunset, a custom which dates from the great siege of 1779, at which no member of the Royal Family has been present since 1804. Above he is seen with Colonel Fordham, the Chief Engineer.

Hitler's Race for Moscow

HITLER is throwing everything he's got against Moscow. He did the same against Leningrad and it hasn't fallen yet. At the same time as he makes his frenzied attacks on the Russian capital—whose fate whichever way it goes must have a profound effect on opinion everywhere—he orders the shooting of hostages in France. The whole business is crazy. Such a frantic display of might cannot lead to Hitler's new order. Every day he's stoking up the fires of revenge and forging a new spirit in France which one day will be co-ordinated to bring about his end.

While Hitler's enemies increase outside Germany, inside, the Nazi leaders have to admit to foreign neutral observers that the casualties in the Russian campaign are extremely heavy. The people of Germany know that also. So Hitler's only hope is to reach a point at which he can make a bid for peace. Already the kites are being flown. If Moscow falls, Hitler will be capable of making any offer to buy off the chaos that confronts him.

Four Doubles

STALIN has taken over the command of the armies defending Moscow. He has sent Marshals Budenny and Voroshilov to the rear to organise fresh fighting forces. It does not seem, therefore, that Hitler has any hope of coming to terms with Stalin. It is a fight to the death. And Stalin doesn't mean to die.

The story comes out of Moscow that Stalin has four doubles. Not long ago the real Stalin had stomach trouble. He sent for a prominent doctor. When the doctor had settled down in the Kremlin he found that he had to examine five Stalins. They all looked alike, spoke alike, acted alike. The doctor diagnosed the trouble, and then left the Kremlin without knowing the real Stalin.

A Queen Moves

QUEEN ENA of Spain has lived in Rome for some years now. She made her home in the luxurious Excelsior hotel, where she shared a suite with her daughters. Her late husband, the ex-King, lived in another large hotel in another part of the city.

Conditions in Rome have become so bad now that Queen Ena has decided to move to Switzerland. She has written to friends in

London stating that she is only allowed one meal a day. She cannot have breakfast, nor afternoon tea. Her choice is a meal at midday or in the evening. Even the richest and most exalted in Italy have to share the same meagre existence.

Businesslike Diplomat

MR. CHARLES HAROLD BATEMAN who has been appointed British Minister in Mexico City now that diplomatic relations have been resumed is not the usual type of Foreign Office official. He is stockily built, and direct mannered. In appearance and method he is more like a Midland business man than a diplomat. In the Foreign Office he is known as the "Sergeant-Major," both for his efficiency and his independent-mindedness. His are the qualities which will be needed in Mexico City where there will have to be some hard bargaining about oil before long.

President Camacho who is responsible for improving relations with Britain has succeeded to a legacy of trouble. His predecessor, President Cardenas, introduced measures which resulted in the expropriation—or nearly that—of oil bearing lands in which British, American and Dutch investors had put nearly £100,000,000.

Moscow Strain

FRIENDS of Lord Beaverbrook were surprised to hear that he has been smitten by a renewal of asthma. Since Lord Beaverbrook joined Mr. Churchill's Government his health had improved. The attacks of asthma which had troubled him suddenly ceased. Hard work and long hours appeared to suit him. Now it is stated that the strain is beginning to tell and that his trip to Moscow took a lot out of him. This will be a shock to some of Lord Beaverbrook's friends, particularly those who have been discussing his political future. Some of them believe that Lord Beaverbrook may yet fill a bigger role in the Government. They frankly admit that they would like to see him Prime Minister, if anything should happen to Mr. Churchill.

His illness—which is not regarded as serious—has caused the circulation of rumours that Lord Beaverbrook may have to give up his position as Minister of Supply. This would be a pity, for it was Lord Beaverbrook who impressed Stalin with his dynamic energy

and determination. He also gave Stalin the big promises of British aid. On the other hand, when Lord Beaverbrook took on the Ministry of Supply four months ago he stipulated that he did not want to remain in that department for more than six months.

New Faces?

MOST indefatigable of all Ministers is the Prime Minister himself. He never seems to tire; and his constitution does not appear to weaken. Now that Parliament is in recess for a short period rumours have been revived about the possibility of a major reshuffling of the Cabinet. Politicians like Mr. Shinwell and the more extreme Mr. Aneurin Bevan have demanded of Mr. Churchill that he sacks some of his Ministers.

All Prime Ministers are loath to make changes, and they only do so under great pressure. Mr. Churchill is said to have been considering switching some of his Ministers, and this may be the meaning of the rumours concerning Lord Beaverbrook. If he does so, Mr. Churchill may find it convenient to make the changes before the reassembly of Parliament, for in that way he would spike the guns of some of the more clamant critics.

New Session of Parliament

SOON there will be a new session of Parliament, and the Prime Minister will open it with a comprehensive review of the war, and the Government's plans for driving forward our production of food and weapons. Apart from the demand for the opening of a new war front in the west, it is on questions of production that the Government have to face the fiercest criticism. In this connexion, the most active of the Government critics is Mr. Clement Davies, a Liberal K.C. who has considerable experience of industrial matters.

Production is linked up with strategy, because when the Government asserts that we cannot launch an invasion of Europe at this moment for lack of essential supplies, the critics want to know why, and what has been happening that our strength does not grow more rapidly. The plain answer is that as our strength grows so does the demand on it. Egypt, Singapore, Russia—these are the centres to which we extend our strength from this island in ever increasing quantities.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

More About Citizen Kane

Citizen Kane has entirely ousted the war as conversation fodder. Waiters ask me what I think of it, and the post is full of it. A letter from Thame says: "Kane believes that he has lost the love of his mother. And his inordinate love of possessions is part of his vain, ceaseless attempt to recapture that sense of primary emotional security which he lost, when he was abruptly torn away from his happy, mother-protected childhood (represented by the sledge sequence in the earlier part of the film) and was handed over to the efficient, but essentially unloving, care of bankers. Kane's public career—the policy of his newspaper and his political platform—is really his attempted revenge on the men who separated him from his mother. And Kane is told, once or twice in the film, that he wants every one to love him. Moreover, he is bitterly disappointed when his second wife shows her lack of love for him by walking out of his Gargantuan home. It is at the end of his revengeful, berserk smashing-up of his wife's bedroom that he significantly mutters 'Rosebud.'"

ANOTHER letter, from Paddington, has this passage: "It is understandable why to English filmgoers the object thrown on the fire at the end is not recognisable. To most Americans, however, it would be obvious, and being an American myself, I can understand why. This is simply because sleds (American spelling), along with other means of childhood locomotion, are youth's most prized possession and rarely forgotten. One of the peculiarities

(I use this word in deference to the probable English viewpoint) about American sleds is that they all have a name and are suitably decorated. As a personal instance, I can without any difficulty quite easily remember the name of my own. It was 'Firefly.' From which it would seem that the sleds have it.

ONE evening at the Café Royal I fell in with a brow whose height exceeded the combined altitude of all the foreheads of our Sunday critics put together. He said he had seen *Citizen Kane* twice; that he did not believe that the thing burnt at the end was a sledge; that he refused to believe that the thing was a sledge; that Orson Welles didn't want people to think it was a sledge; that the point of Welles's film was not possessiveness and how come, but the obscurity of the motives animating the human mind.

I said that the great dramatists don't tie themselves up in a muddle and then ask the spectator to read some abstruse moral into it. Ibsen leaves us in no doubt at the end of *A Doll's House* that it is Nora who slams the door, and not the wind. Shakespeare tells us that it is Cordelia's body, and not some other wench's, that Lear is carrying. The Giant Highbrow said: "How about Hamlet? Isn't the spectator in doubt as to whether that young man is mad or not?" Midnight, with the waiters clearing away, is a difficult time to answer what is always a poser. But I remembered Walkley, and was able to trot out his "Commentators who find Hamlet mad in one place and sane in another invariably attribute

the inconsistency to Hamlet himself instead of to Shakespeare, who may have found it convenient to have Hamlet alternately mad and sane."

AT this point they bundled us out of the café and I found that somebody, not me, had been buying and paying for champagne. In the darkness outside, the argument was continued. "I suppose," I said, "that if Welles were to film *The School for Scandal* he would so photograph the Screen Scene that the spectators would leave the cinema uncertain whether the person concealed behind the screen had been Lady Teazle or the little French milliner after all. And then out of the dark a voice spake. It was still the voice of my highbrow, and in the darkness it sounded cavernous. "The Orson Welles film," it said, "is the Film of the Future. Hitherto the film has been explicit. Orson Welles has decided that in future it shall be implicit. *Citizen Kane* is the Gateway to Implicithood." And so saying, it vanished.

WELL, dear readers of THE TATLER, that's that. You know now that all the vulgar beef, beer and tobacco barons are vulgar because when they were about seven years of age somebody came and took away their skates. That is one explanation of this alleged world-shaking masterpiece, *Citizen Kane*. Another point of view is that *Citizen Kane* is so great a masterpiece that it doesn't need explaining. In fact, that it won't brook explanation. It is just one marvellous Doorway to Implicitude, or whatever was the phrase used by my altitudinous friend.

I STRONGLY suspect that implicithood, or implicitude, will turn out to look like the interior of Mr. Welles's personal and private cranium. In the meantime I continue to steer a middle course. I regard *Citizen Kane* as a quite good film which tries to run the psychological essay in harness with your detective thriller and doesn't quite succeed.

"Ships With Wings" Has The Ark Royal As Star Player



The Admiral's daughter (Jane Baxter) has three admirers—Lieutenants Dick Stacey (John Clements), David Grant (Michael Wilding) and Peter Maxwell (Michael Rennie) of the Fleet Air Arm. Admiral Weatherby is Leslie Banks



Cabaret star Kay (Ann Todd) has a rather violent admirer in the German pilot, (Wagner Hugh Williams). She loves Stacey, but he loves the Admiral's daughter, who loves Grant



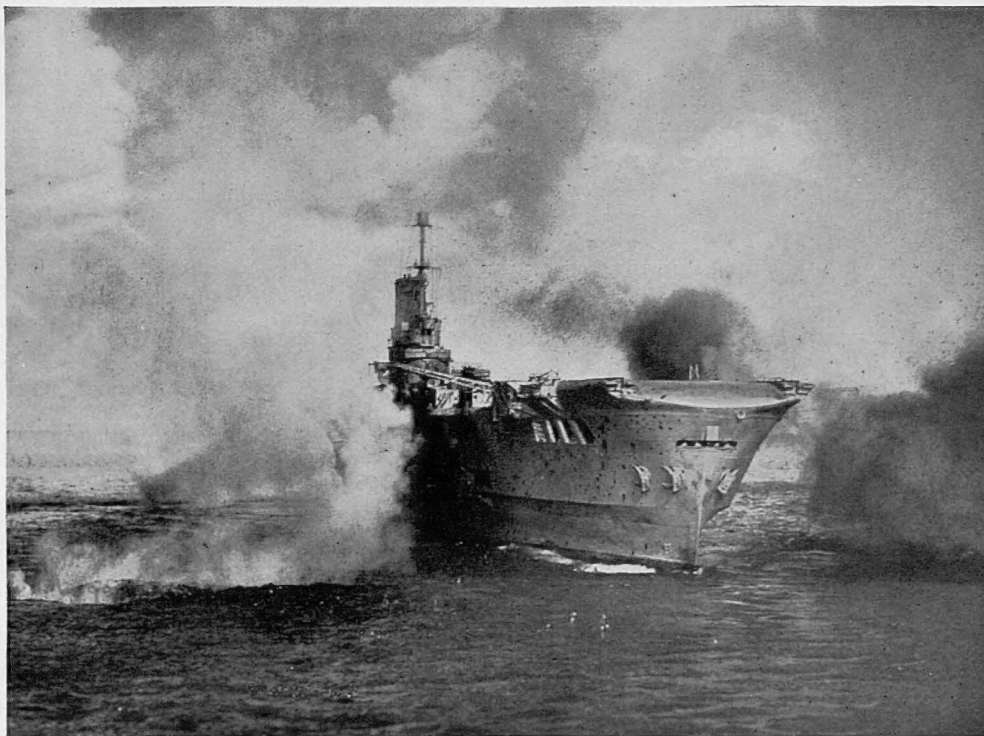
Enemy agent is a supposed Lancashire business man (Frank Pettingell). When war comes, he turns out to be a Gestapo official, and shoots Kay in the back when she tries to warn Stacey



H.M.S. Invincible is an aircraft carrier. Here the pilots are "briefed" before a big attack on Panteria, Italian naval base in North Africa. Captain of the *Invincible* is Basil Sydney



Old friends are Captain Fairfax (Basil Sydney) and Admiral Weatherby (Leslie Banks). Their favourite argument of guns versus planes is just going to be tried out in real battle



At sea the *Invincible* lays her smoke screen while her "winged artillery" deliver their attack on Panteria

Ships With Wings is "gratefully dedicated to H.M.S. Ark Royal, in which many of its scenes were taken, and to the officers and men of the Fleet Air Arm, whose keen and generous assistance made the production possible." Apart from this special interest, the film includes in its story a spy, an admiral's daughter, a cabaret star, some young men in love, and flying drama both in peace and war conditions in the Mediterranean. A strong cast is headed by John Clements, Leslie Banks and Ann Todd. Michael Balcon was responsible for production, Sergei Nolbandov for direction. The film itself goes to the Gaumont on Sunday



On land battle rages over Panteria. Special objective is the great dam in the mountains (left of picture). In this attack Stacey (John Clements) is killed when he rams an Italian bomber which crashes, with its bombs, on the edge of the dam

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Jupiter Laughs (New)

THE action of Dr. Cronin's play (a very workmanlike affair) takes place in a private nerve clinic, the particular locale chosen being the doctor's common-room, which happily spares us the patients. Here we are introduced to Dr. Drewett, an amiable old hand much engrossed in playing patience, and to Dr. Thorogood, an unamiable young one, much engrossed in playing football; to Dr. Bragg, the egregious superintendent, one of Nature's presidential humbugs; to Mrs. Bragg, his wife, who has been having an affair on the chapel path with Dr. Venner but has now been discarded; and to Dr. Venner, a highly cynical atheist, who is as rude as he is brilliant, who has become engaged to a highly uncynical Christian, pretty young Dr. Murray, and who is on the verge of a great medical discovery, for the purpose of developing which he has been given a room off stage, where he spends most of his time without smoking, T.N.T. being heavily involved.

IT is this room that is the crux of the trouble, for Fanny Leeming, the disagreeable matron, has become so obsessed with the idea that it should be hers that there is no dirty trick to which she would not descend in order to secure occupation; and it is at the close of the second act that her dirty trickery reaches its zenith, or should we say its nadir?

Dr. Venner's principal patient has died in circumstances which, while being normal enough, are such that they are being used as a weapon by those who have most reason to dislike Dr. Venner. He has himself performed a post-mortem without permission. There

is to be an inquiry. The superintendent is furious and has intimated that Dr. Venner's services will no longer be required. The matron is to have the room. But Dr. Venner has perfected his discovery and has completed his thesis. If the experts read this, his bona fides as a doctor of genius will be established beyond the possibility of reproach and the matron may not get her room after all. Therefore into the head of the discarded mistress she insinuates the idea of burning the thesis. She hands her the key of the room. The discarded mistress enters it and applies a match. As she comes out, she is seen by pretty young Dr. Murray. Pretty young Dr. Murray rushes in to extinguish the flames. There is an explosion of T.N.T. and of pretty young Dr. Murray. A bad look-out at the end of Act II.

BUT in Act III, although the dead cannot be brought to life, there is better news. Just when everything looks hopeless for Dr. Venner, out comes the *British Medical Journal* with his thesis in full, accompanied by tremendous encomiums. Those who assailed him court him. Reporters arrive in shoals. The superintendent asks him to stay on. But he prefers to go to China, whither he had refused

to go with his fiancée, his atheism being pitted against her missionary zeal. And as he goes, he takes with him the New Testament which she once put into his unbelieving hands.

As a contribution to thought, Dr. Cronin's play is never engrossing. As an essay in storytelling, it is never dull. One point perplexed me. Did Dr. Venner make two copies of his thesis? If he didn't, what did his discarded mistress set fire to? If he did, why on earth didn't he tell his fiancée that he had sent one copy off to the B.M.J.? He was, however, the sort of man who might be expected to act rather strangely, and it is a comfort to think that the girl who died for him would never have been happy with him.

THE chief distinction of *Jupiter Laughs* is that it brings forward a young actor, Mr. James Mason, of charm, and, what is better than charm, of personality, and, what is better than personality, of ability, and, what is more exciting than ability, immense possibility. I should like to see Mr. Mason tackle Shakespeare. And I shall be surprised if he is not one of our top actors in about half no time. In this piece, he does nothing wrong and nothing uninterestingly.

And he is backed by a company of players as excellent as they are uncelebrated. A beautiful performance is given by Mr. Raymond Lovell as the old doctor who plays patience. Miss Beatrice Varley's matron quivers with nervous force. *Jupiter Laughs* should be seen for the acting. It's not bad sport as a play either.



Sketches by
Tom Titt

The Medical Superintendent of Hopewell Towers (Claude Bailey) and the Assistant Physician (Raymond Lovell) watch the energetic Matron (Beatrice Varley)



Paul Venner (James Mason) between two loves—Mrs. Bragg, the Superintendent's Wife (Rosemary Scott) and Dr. Mary Murray (Peggy Bryan)

People in the Lighter News



Richardson, Worcester

The Countess of Lichfield served the tea in the canteen, after the opening of a new Y.M.C.A. hut at Worcester, for the use of men and women in the forces. She is president of the Midland Division Y.M.C.A. Women's Auxiliary



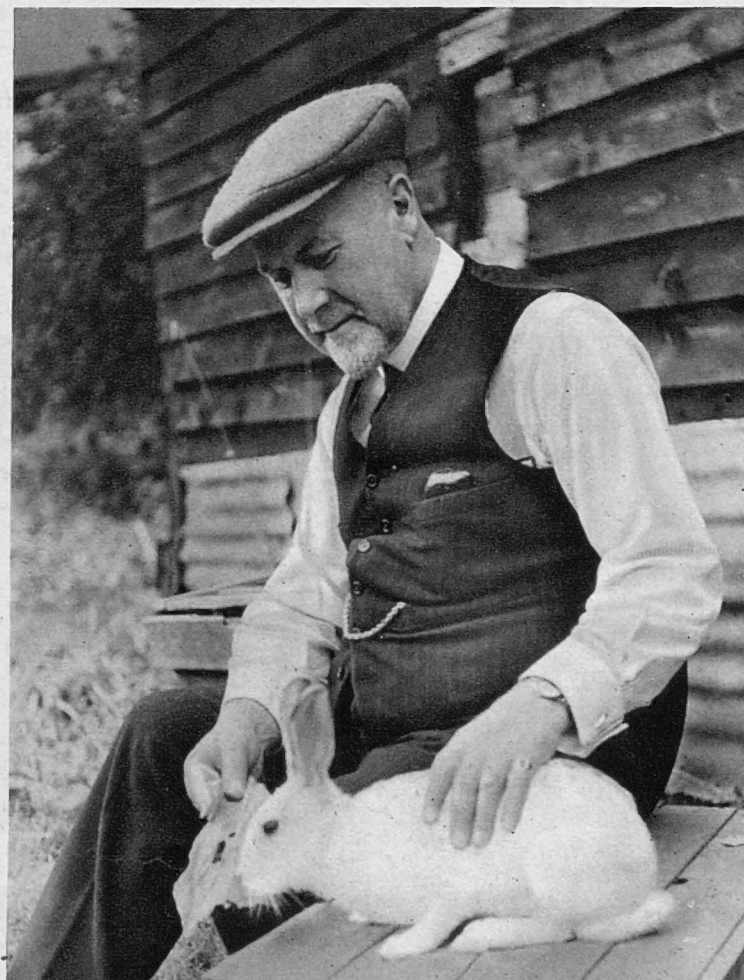
Major E. W. B. Gill, O.B.E., of Larkfield, Boars Hill, Oxford, has given a Shakespeare folio, an heirloom of his family, to be presented by Lord Halifax to the Library of Congress in Washington, as a symbol of the Empire's gratitude to the American nation. He is seen above with Mrs. Gill at the Foreign Office, handing over the volume to Mr. R. K. Law (on left), of whom more pictures are on page 201



Clifford Mollison, stage and film star, now serving as Liaison Officer to the Home Forces, is still easily recognisable in his captain's uniform



When the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg visited a war factory, she was accompanied by Sir Thomas Cook, M.P., Liaison Officer, Allied Forces. The Grand Duchess arrived in this country from America in August, with her husband, Prince Felix de Bourbon - Parma. Sir Thomas Cook is the member for North Norfolk



Sir John Laurie, London's new and very popular Lord Mayor, lives at Rockdale, Sevenoaks, where white rabbits are part of the livestock. He was an older contemporary of Mr. Churchill at Harrow, has forty-five years' experience of the Stock Exchange, and a long record of public service. In the last war Sir John commanded a battalion of the West Kent Regiment, and won the Croix de Guerre

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Reception

ONCE inhabited by Sir Frank Newnes, 55, Prince's Gate is now called the Polish Hearth, and there was a reception there to meet the President of Poland. The Dowager Lady Townshend, as president of the Friends of Poland Society, welcomed the President, and the many guests included the Polish Ambassador and Countess Edward Raczyńska, General and Mrs. Regulski, M. and Mme. Auguste Zaleski, General Simovitch, Yugoslav Premier, Professor S. Stronski, Polish Minister of Information, Dr. Ripka, Czechoslovak Minister of Information, Lieut. and Mme. Lipski, the Lord Mayor of London and the Lady Mayoress, the Bishop of London, Lord and Lady Ebbisham, Lord Queenborough, Lord Southwood, Professor Borenus, Mr. and Mrs. Drexel Biddle, and lots more.

Mrs. Simon Bonham-Carter had on a suit the colour of Heinz tomato-soup, now, alas! just another happy memory; Sir Harry Brittain was visible in the distance; and Major Dowber was a gay Polish officer.

Racing

THERE was a big crowd at Newmarket to see Lady Cunliffe-Owen's Filator win the third wartime Cesarewitch. Her husband's horse, with Gunner Harry Wragg riding, was down the field. Lance-Bombardier Sam Wragg rode the winner, and Arthur Wragg scored a popular win on Aprille Son later, so the Wragg brothers cleaned up. Ephraim Smith also rode three winners.

The King's horse, Longships, was disappointing. His horses usually run well on this July Course, as they run towards

their stables at Egerton House. Once Magnum Bonum, belonging to the late King George V., swerved right across the course and made straight for the stable, without bothering about the formality of weighing-in.

Relative Celebrity

DIFFERENT people are interested in different sorts of celebrities. Some concentrate on Royalty, some on film-stars, some are fascinated by jockeys, others by social beauties; politicians, painters, writers, and musicians, all have their followings.

For instance, at Ascot once, someone said: "There's Ali Khan talking to two people." The two people were the Duke and Duchess of Kent. In a restaurant containing Lupino Lane and Louis Macneice, each might be enthusiastically recognised or quite unknown. Louis Macneice was dining in Soho the other night.

And Vivien Leigh, the current beauty model for the young ladies, was lunching at her favourite Leicester Square restaurant. Lady Iris O'Malley was there too, also Mr. Oliver Hoare, Mr. Hugh French, and Princess Nika Yourievitch, with a very cute little flat black hat clapped on to the front of her head. She is writing an extremely funny book, and talks as amusingly as she writes, an unusual combination.

Lunching

LORD WHARTON, in the R.A.F.V.R., and I now in York, had a lunch-party at the Ritz. Hermione Baddeley, in a black velvet suit, hat and muff, ermine tails nodding in the last two, was there. She also wore black silk stockings—why do they suggest



Father and Daughter

Miss Betty Greig and her father, Group-Captain Sir Louis Greig, were seen together in London. Miss Greig drives for the Polish Forces. Her father, a close friend of the King, to whom he is Extra Gentleman Usher, is also Personal Air Secretary to Sir Archibald Sinclair

such a naughtily gay and "Oh-la-la!" atmosphere? Countess "Tishy" Mankowska, too; Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bainbridge, Captain Graham Eyres-Monsell, and Mr. Russell, nice, with a beard, in the Navy.

Apropos the Navy, Mr. Philip Steegman, painter, and author of *Indian Ink*, has now got his commission.

Also lunching at the Ritz was Mrs. Roderick Thesiger, and, at another table, the Dowager Lady Beauchamp.

Shopping

LADY WEYMOUTH, in a short coat made of russet-coloured foxes, was buying chocolates in Bond Street. Shopping has got quite exciting, and a really mixed list involves quartering London—chocolates



Sq.-Leader Gray and Miss McClintock

Sq.-Ldr. Anthony Philip Gray, A.A.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan B. Gray, of 11, Mount Street, W.1, and Miss Pamela Mary McClintock, only daughter of the late Flight-Lieut. Ronald McClintock, and Mrs. McClintock, of 191, Queen's Gate, S.W.7, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Captain Holt and the Hon. Ann Forbes-Sempill

Captain Eric Holt, Manchester Regiment, and the Hon. Ann Forbes-Sempill, elder daughter of Lord Sempill, of Craigievar, Aberdeenshire, and the late Lady Sempill, were married at Brompton Oratory. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Holt, of Oxford. She is a Petty Officer in the W.R.N.S.



Lord Leathers' Grandson Christened

The baby son of the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Leathers was christened at Esher Parish Church. Above are Mr. and Mrs. Leathers and their son with Lord and Lady Leathers, the grandparents. Lord Leathers was made a peer this year on becoming Minister of War Transport. His son married Miss Elspeth Stewart, daughter of Sir Thomas Stewart, Governor of Bihar, India



Young Marrieds in Ireland

Poole, Dublin

The Hon. David Ormsby-Gore and his wife were at Navan Races, which took place this year at Baldoyle, near Dublin. Mr. Ormsby-Gore is the elder son of Lord Harlech, High Commissioner for Basutoland, the Bechuanaland Protectorate, and Swaziland, and married the daughter of the late Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas and the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas. Miss Dorothy Paget's Golden Jack won the big race of the day, the Troystown 'Chase

here, salad-oil there, and things like boys' football boots and soldiers' camping things all over the place. The football boots seem to be one of the things rapidly going out of circulation—five shops to find a single pair, and then black ones, rather parsonic for this rowdy game, with which the young should surely be encouraged to continue if our fighting spirit is to be maintained in the future.

The good old Army and Navy Stores—in whose windows women's clothes are bluntly labelled "Women's Clothes"—is a good hunting-ground for camping equipment. Clasp knives, whistles and sleeping-bags abound, for the eventual confusion of the enemy.

Mrs. Bertram Abel Smith was a uniformed shopper waiting for a lift.

Wedding

MISS LETITIA STEPHENSON, youngest daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Stephenson, of Hassop Hall, Derbyshire, married Flight-Lieut. Philip Lawton in London, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton. The bride is very popular in Derbyshire, and her father is an important figure in Sheffield and the neighbourhood.

Besides her own large family, there were lots of flying people at the wedding, including Wing-Commander J. Cunningham, Squadron-Leader R. Chisholm, Flying-Officer E. Crew, Flying-Officer K. I. Geddes, Wing-Commander and Mrs. M. B. Hamilton, Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. R. C. H. Horne, Group-Captain and Mrs. D. N. Roberts, and Flight-Lieut. J. B. Selway. Also Lady Carlow, Lady (Charlton) Hodson and Miss Hodson, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Fiennes, Miss Warren Pearl, Mrs. Erroll Sinclair, and Lady (William) Waterlow. The bride was given away by her father, and Squadron-Leader Stanley Skinner was best man. (Picture on page 203.)

Red Cross in Fife

IN uniform, as president of the Fife Branch of the British Red Cross Society, Lady Elgin opened a free-gift sale held in Dunfermline Auction Market in aid of the Scottish Red Cross Agriculture Fund. The imposing sum of £2042 was raised.

Councillor William Dick presided, and introduced Lady Elgin, who, after thanking the agricultural community, went on to talk about Red Cross activities in general, and then opened the sale by auctioning a box of chocolates which, as the result of several sales, produced a total of £15.

Pictures in Edinburgh

THE Cowan Dobson picture exhibition in Edinburgh was a great success, and the proceeds from the sale of catalogues went to the Red Cross.

Among the portraits exhibited was the famous one of Amy Johnson, which was specially sent for Anna Neagle's scrutiny, as a model for her part in the Amy Johnson film. Also one of the late Lord Beatty; a study of Moll Flanders, immortalised by Defoe; an "Onion Boy," whose wares fascinated the onion-starved audience; Lady Grant of Monymusk, Lady Aberdeen, one of Mrs. Dobson, very exotic in a turban; Miss Arbuthnot-Leslie, Sir William Sleigh, Sir David King Murray, and lots more.

The exhibition was open at three o'clock, and when the Dobsons themselves arrived it was three-twenty, and all the notabilities were waiting to receive them, instead of the other way round.

Crooner Married

MISS VIVIEN PAGET, a girl crooner who had an adventurous time at the beginning of the war, and who has crooned her way from night spot to night spot all over the world, has suddenly, by special licence at Marylebone Register Office, married Mr. Harry Buller Kitson. He is a son of Captain Kitson, D.S.O., R.N., and a nephew of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Miss Paget was the last English girl to leave Warsaw when the Germans invaded, and on her return here—obviously a difficult and adventurous journey—she was painted by Lady Queensberry.

Charles, the night porter at the May Fair, and known as the "Chips" of the hotel business, because he has been one for so long, and has such fatherly qualities towards late returners, was witness at the wedding.

Old Tunes

THE tunes of the late 'twenties seem to be popular again at the moment—dance bands play them, and records of them sell briskly. One would expect the people who were about then to like recalling them, but they seem specially popular with the young, then in the nursery.

"Button Up Your Overcoat," "I Want to be Bad," "Ain't She Sweet?" "Lady Be Good," "The Darktown Strutters' Ball," and so on.

Among people about lately, some of them out dancing, have been Lord Cowdray, Lord Long, Lord Poulett, Lord Rennell, and Lord and Lady Douglas Scott. Also Wing-Commander Gerald Maxwell, D.F.C., A.F.C., M.C.

Drink Question

THIS is one of the topics—when more serious ones have been disposed of. Like this—"All this whisky being sunk, we shall have to drink sea-water soon."

"I can do without spirits. It's the wine I mind about."

"There's Empire wine."

"Except that it's like chemical food."

"Only some; and not the white, surely?"

"Well, then it tastes like the wrong sort of soil. They say it is the soil that makes it different. After all, the actual vines must be the same, and there's only one sun."

"There's the processes, whatever they are. Peasants trampling with their bare feet, and that sort of thing."

"The sooner that sort of thing is forgotten the better. Anyway, I believe it's all prejudice."

"Even so, there's something going on against it being shipped, anyway."

WANTED—WASTE PAPER

Old books, old music, old letters, old receipts, time-tables, reference books, circulars, Press cuttings, invoices, newspapers. . . Your house or office is probably full of them, in odd corners. Scrap the lot! Turn them out ruthlessly.

The country urgently needs waste paper. The Salvage Department of the Ministry of Supply asks for 100,000 tons.

"Distant Point"

A Soviet Play at the Westminster



Station Distant Point is 7,000 kilometres from Moscow and 2,000 from Vladivostok. When the train of a General of the Far Eastern Soviet Army (Edmund Willard) breaks down there, the whole staff of the little station is convulsed with excitement, not least the station-master (Arthur Hambling) and his daughter Zhenia (Maria Britnieva)

To the dirty, bearded, drunken linesman (Esmé Percy), who was once an Orthodox deacon, then a Seventh Day Adventist, and now has no faith at all, the General (Edmund Willard) is a hero because, knowing he is incurably ill, he is still not afraid of death



Among the brief but warm friendships that spring up between the comrades thrown together by the breakdown of the train is that of the General's wife (Josephine Wilson) and Glasha, the Yakut wife of a railway linesman (Mary Morris)

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



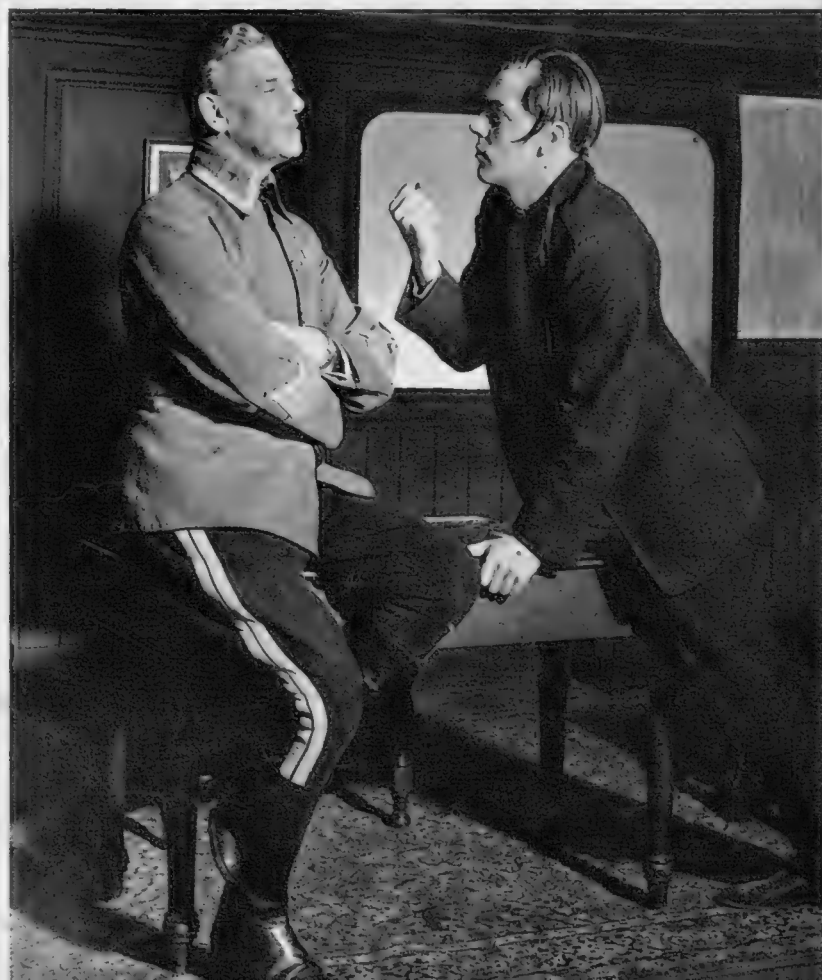
To the station-master's wife (Christine Silver), who only thinks of hunting, the General is a hero because he, too, likes hunting, gives her his rifle, and puts her in charge of the sable farm that he plans should be started in the forests of Distant Point



After breakfast on the station platform, the telegraphist sings a sad little song to a guitar accompaniment. Listening are the General, a deacon turned linesman (Esmé Percy), Zhenia, Glasha, the General's wife, the switchman (Tarva Penna); playing is the telegraphist (Guy Verney). In "Distant Point," adapted by Hubert Griffith from the Russian of Afinogenev, propaganda plays a secondary role from the dramatic point of view to humanity and humour. The production at the Westminster is excellently directed by André Van Gysegheem, and is very well acted. Settings were designed by P. I. Peache

To Zhenia (Maria Britnieva), eager member of the Young Communist League, the General is a hero because to her he stands for the whole Red Army, because he is a fine, strong man, and because she is full of enthusiasm and hero-worship

To the discontented linesman (Christopher Willard), who wants to leave his wife and child and go to Moscow and be a hero himself, the General makes it clear that for the young and courageous no point in the Soviet Union is too distant to provide work worth doing



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

COMPLAINING that war photographs supplied to Portugal by our Ministry of Information are static, out of date, and dull, whereas those supplied by Goebbel's boys are dynamic, thrilling, and beguiling, Auntie *Times's* Lisbon Correspondent has obviously never had an opportunity of studying the 1983 clearly but depressing faces at the Min. of Information; the key to this problem.

Less exciting dials, in our deplorable view, could be found nowhere else in Great Britain except at pre-war Lord's and 5986 other places in Great Britain. The modern Island Pan is no dream of vivacious beauty, as everybody knows. (Something seems to have happened to it since the early Middle Ages, when the English face and figure were a byword for grace and personableness throughout Christendom.) Not that beauty is essential, as every fan of Goya is aware. Goya painted flaming beauties like Isabel Cobos de Porcel and Antonia Zarate, but he took even more delight in hags—like the wonderful Infanta Maria-Josefa—and witches packed with sinister force and charm, emitting vitality at every pore and casting that vivid spell from wicked, flashing eyes which is as powerful to-day as ever it was.

Suggestion

THAT'S what we'd like to see in the homely pans of the Min. of Inf. boys—a Goyaesque sparkle of life. Even an evil beauty, under proper control, would be better than that poor dumb, glazed look, and there'd be better photographs

for Portugal, something dynamic and grimly fascinating, maybe, as Goya's "Disasters of War."

Our suggestion is that Mr. Brendan Bracken approach the scientists about the possibility of injecting the entire Ministry staff with 5 fluid ounces apiece of the Life Force (*élan vital*). The science boys will know all about this, and if they don't they'll tell him just the same.

Gownsmen

A citizen aged fifty-seven has just become an undergraduate at London University, which seems quaintly romantic to some of the flightier Fleet Street boys, who have no passionate thirst for knowledge, but seems to us rather a fine thing to do, in principle.

At fifty-seven an undergraduate of any sense knows something of the world and its illusions, can carry his drink and debts, and is, or should be, able to weigh the babblings of dons with cool judgment. If he has any cultivation at all he knows how much of the history (for example) he has to read over again is objective truth, and how much of it Whig fludub. He can pat or stroke tobaccoists' blonde daughters, according to academic custom, without causing his kind relations anguish and expense; job a hack or furnish his rooms at strictly market prices, and establish a delightful reign of terror among University tradesmen by



“... And the cruel stepmother used for her own ugly daughters all poor Cinderella's clothing coupons”

firmly paying cash on the nail. If he makes wealthy friends in College he is less liable, at fifty-seven, to be slung out of their London houses after coming down, to his great surprise. He needn't row or rag or play cricket or go conscientiously blue in the face over anything violent, and he can invite the more advanced dons to his rooms of an evening and tell them something of the Facts of Life. An ideal situation.

You will object, wagging that small, exquisitely-shaped Nordic head of yours, that an elderly undergraduate must feel absurdly raw, immature, and foolish when venturing an opinion among the young. He could soon regain “face” by ostentatiously breaking a window or two, so what?

Whimsy

HAVING an impression, derived from an after-dinner speech some time ago by Lord (then Sir J.) Reith, that Aberdeen and other engineers, despite their nerve-racking appearance, are devils for gay, innocent whimsy, we find this confirmed by a very roguey-poguey newspaper “display” ad. indeed, issued by an eminent firm of engineering tool-makers, the big romps. (It'll be a maypole in Victoria Street next.)

This matter affects us intimately. A powerful film-magnate once asked us to suggest some dainty romantic relief for a superfilm about George (“Rocket”) Stephenson. “The angle,” said the magnate, “is it's like this, see, say you take a tender, well that's a part of a loco engine, see, well, there's maybe a good crack in that, tender, see, love-angle, maybe he's nuts on some girl or sumpthing.” Our own angle was even more delicately whimsy, we recollect, involving love-dreams whispered by George Stephenson to the Rocket while getting up steam, and a lot of incidental byplay with a sweet tiptoe lassie of eighteen named Leebie McQumpha, who had the terrible Barrie trick of going elfin at a moment's notice, for example:

STEPHENSON: This is a poppet-valve.

LEEBIE: Dear poppet-valve.

(Butts him gently in the stomach with her head.)

STEPHENSON: And here is the connecting-rod.

LEEBIE: Naughty, naughty connecting-rod.

(Peeps laughingly over her shoulder, gesturing to the fairies to chide the connecting-rod.)

(Concluded on page 194)



“Now, let's see, where were we when your husband came in?”

Wedding

Doctor Charles Fletcher and
the Hon. Louisa Seely Were
Married at Winchester Cathedral



The Bridegroom and Bride

Dr. Charles M. Fletcher and the Hon. Louisa Mary Seely were married at Winchester Cathedral. He is the only son of the late Sir Walter Morley Fletcher, the eminent physiologist, and Lady Fletcher, of Tirley Garth, Tarporley, Cheshire. She is the youngest of the four daughters of Major-General Lord Mottistone, of Mottistone Manor, Isle of Wight, and the late Mrs. Seely. They were married by the Dean of Winchester, addressed by the Bishop of Southampton, and blessed by the Bishop of Winchester



Little Jane Henley was the only bridesmaid to her godmother. Here she is with her mother, Mrs. Joseph Henley, and a friend, Mrs. Henley was Miss Daphne Wykeham before her 1934 marriage and is a niece of Lord Mottistone



Captain the Hon. Patrick Seely, R.A., is Lord Mottistone's second son, and the Hon. Kathleen Seely is his third daughter



Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Kindersley are the bride's brother-in-law and eldest sister. They live at Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight



The Hon. Mrs. Scott is Lord Mottistone's second daughter. She took her three children, Jane, Jill and Mason, to her sister's wedding at Winchester Cathedral. Her husband, Lieut.-Com. Mason Scott, has an appointment in Madrid



Major-General Lord Mottistone, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, gave his daughter away



Lady Nicholson, wife of Capt. Sir John Nicholson, Bt., Lady Mottistone's son by her first marriage, and Flight-Lieut. Paul Paget were two more of the guests



Mr. and Mrs. Harold Butler went to the wedding together. He has been Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence for the Southern Region since 1939



Brig.-Gen. Sir Bertram Portal and his sister, Mrs. Evan-Thomas, were at the Fletcher-Seely wedding and with them was the Hon. Mrs. Pritchard, Viscount Monck's younger sister. Sir Bertram Portal is Lord Portal's uncle and a Vice-Lieutenant of Hampshire

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Reprieve

YOU will readily understand that before long our angle turned out to be that Stephenson was giving this frightful girl a great healing sock with a spanner and emigrating next day to Ecuador, which the magnate said was a lousy angle. The draft scenario was then scrapped for a side-splitting comedy film in which everybody got debagged.

... But you won't tell us Henry Bessemer never curtsied to his Blast-Furnace when he thought nobody was looking.

Artist

FOR the first time in history, a Harley Street chap was telling us, one of the Faculty has attained Cabinet rank, in the person of Surgeon-General Koizumi, Minister of Welfare in the new Japanese Government. So the Unhappy Despatch is now at the elbow, so to speak, of each of the Surgeon-General's hon. colleagues.

The last artist of this grade to interest the Muse of History is probably Surgeon-General Larrey, who stood on the bank of the Beresina on November 28th, 1812, coolly slashing off the retreating Grande Armée's frozen and mangled limbs, hour after hour, operating on a tree-trunk in a snowstorm by the light of a lantern, without anæsthetics or sterilisers; a tough personality, though not more tough than his patients, one of whom grunted, "It's a long way to Caucassonne," as he rejoined his unit minus an

arm. Larrey never got any Government post, unless we err; maybe he was too handy with the old snickersnee to please the politicians, a timorous race.

The resistance of those troops, and Wellington's, to germs is a wonder. The only comparable modern mystery is the bullfighter, who often baffles the Faculty, they say, by recovering from horrible wounds from jagged, spiky, lance-sharp horn-splinters, covered with filth and germs of every kind, with astonishing speed. Perceiving that this seems to lead us to the appalling conclusion that Fitness Wins, we drop the subject with a light shudder.

Oasis

A FLEETING glimpse of the nice, if self-conscious, damsels of Leatherhead parading in what looked like Regency dress on Trafalgar Day for the local Warships Week reminded us about the inn snuggling under Box Hill with its spacious garden, in which not only Nelson walked, by moonlight but also Keats. For their sakes we turned aside recently and visited the place once more.

If this garden were connected thus romantically with two equally great citizens of America and situated, say, in Massachusetts, it would be hell, if we may say so without a cordial wave of a friendly paw. Being in Surrey, the execrable inhabitants of which have little time for Nelson and none at all for Keats, it is still a tree-shadowed retreat of quiet and birdsong—hardly changed, possibly, since those two eminences, with their pale, delicate feminine faces loitered and spoke love there with Emma and Fanny respectively under the clear summer sky (and how like you to pipe up saying

Emma and Fanny may both have abused their boy-chums like fishwives on these occasions, and it probably rained like blazes).

Omen

THIS is one of the places in Europe, apart from the great shrines, with a strong spell for us; like the exact spot in Westminster Hall where Charles I. stood trial, and the farmhouse near Chinon where Rabelais played in childhood, and Johnson's late house in Gough Square, and the flagstones of the Carmelites in Paris, splashed brown by the massacres of the Revolution, and a dozen more.

The inn-garden at Burford Bridge is happier than most of these, and as the wealthier or stockbroking inhabitants of Surrey are constantly preoccupied with settling rows in their harems it may not be spoiled for years yet. Last time we wrote this about a sweet historic pub the brewers started on it next day and turned it into a chromium-plated Prusso-Aztec bagnio, so we may live to regret this flaffa yet.

Merrie

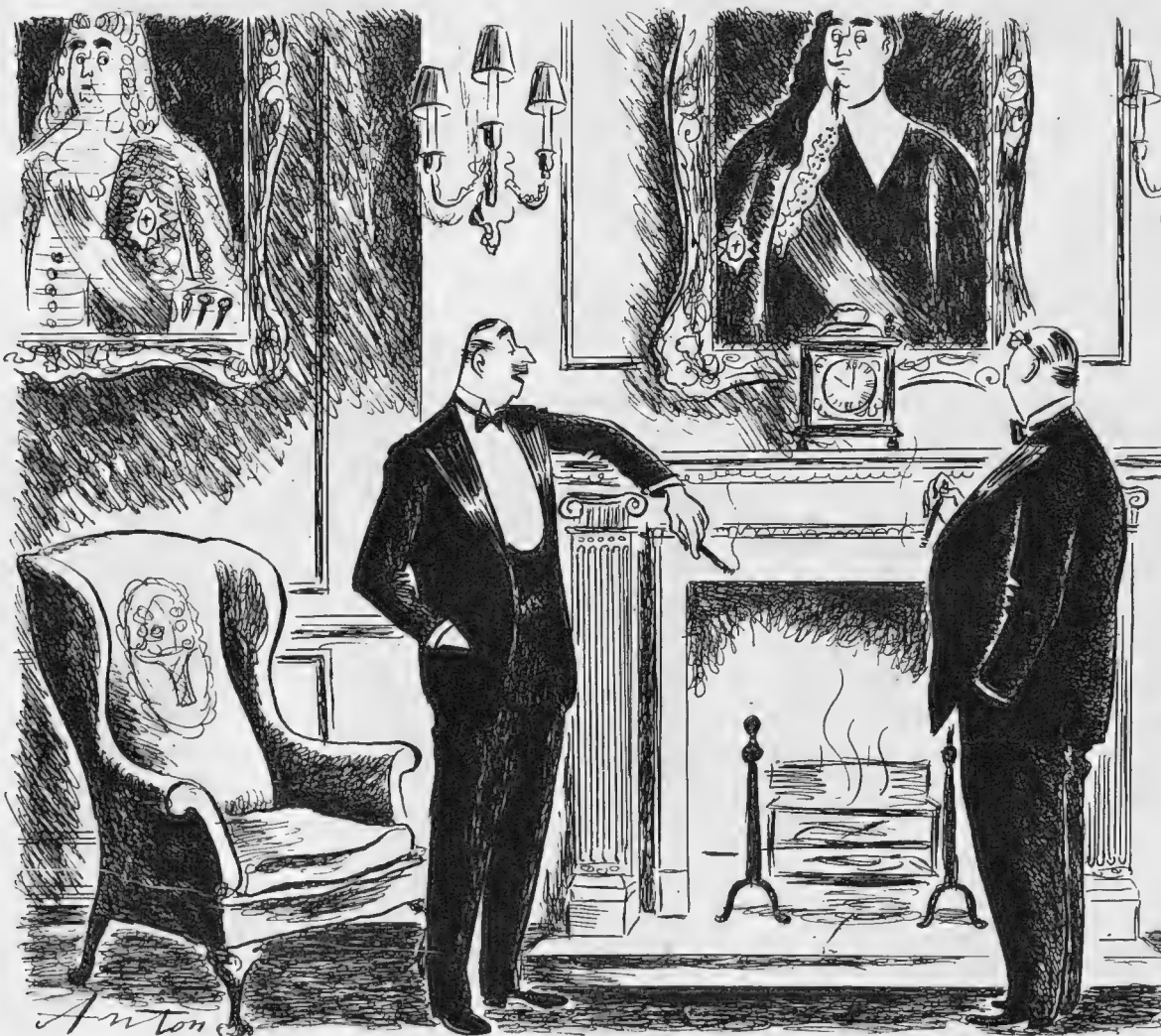
THAT romantic old whimsypuss who wants (vide Press) to re-start the old-time Harvest Home junketings on the land evidently doesn't know his Island peasantry very well.

Down our way, a few years ago, we watched with great interest a group or gaggle of very kind and earnest ladies and gentlemen all over bells and posies from Bloomsbury, or somewhere, hopping indefatigably round in jigs and Morris dances, chanting fragrant rustic choruses like "Lumps O' Muck" and "Rum-below's Hey," and rather pointedly indulging in general merrie-merrie. After an hour of it most of us left to go to the pictures in the next village and the rest had to hurry home to switch on to Zoops Zeizler and his Voodoo Vikings. What the ladies and gentlemen from Lunnon were doing was very nice but seemed to have no bearing on anything much, like the sermons of the last Vicar but one; whereas the alternating maudlin and paranoiac frenzies and bloodlust of B.B.C. jazzbands industriously rehashing the Voodoo noises of Broadway intoxicate the rural mind as valerian does cats, and you should hear our radios spraying the quiet countryside every Sunday morning.

Query

IN our unfortunate view this is a resurgence in another form of that addiction to black magic which began in Jacobean days and only died out in the countryside a couple of generations ago. We don't attend midnight séances at the village wise-woman's cottage any more, and no black cocks are sacrificed to the Powers of Darkness with cabbalistic formulas, but we get almost the same kick out of negroid swamp-music. (The Middle Ages had a name for it but of course they're dead.) What do you take us hayseeds for—a lot of hem ornary ole-fashion dumbledores, mubbe?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Then just when Van Dyck had half-finished the portrait, the 6th earl went over to the Roundheads"

Old Bill : By Bruce Bairnsfather



“Stop that talkin’ in the ranks, you! And when the General’s speakin’,
I don’t want no mystery voice chippin’ in”

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Lord Inverclyde Signals to Hollywood

LORD ("ALAN") INVERCLYDE, Chairman of the British Sailors' Society, Scottish Branch, recently enlisted your correspondent as go-between Caledonia and California to collect signed photographs of celebrities for auction in the Free Gift Shop which volunteers, convened by Sheila Carlaw, are running at 43, Hope Street, Glasgow, C.2.

After reviving various contacts made on my Coast to Coast tour for THE TATLER in 1938-39, I passed the buck to Rex Evans, whose popularity with all parties resulted in a splendid response from the studios. Furthermore, Rodney Soher, while connected with arms production out West, has successfully solicited Hedy Lamarr, Greer Garson, Shirley Temple, Norma Shearer, Judy Garland, Ann Sothorn, Jeanette Macdonald, Spencer Tracy, Eleanor Powell, Clark Gable, Lana ("sweater girl") Turner, Mickey Rooney, Rosalind Russell, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Taylor, Myrna Loy, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford (always helpful and scrupulously polite), and Joan Bennett—some bag.

Woman Wit Fêtes "Willie"

THE filming of *Shanghai Gesture*, after some forty-three efforts to pass the Censor, was one topic at Dorothy Parker's parting party for W. Somerset Maugham, who spent the summer in Hollywood, housekeeping with daughter and two grandchildren. Rex Evans has a suitably stout part in the picture, which has been toned out of recognition by the Hayes Office.

Partaking of cocktails, followed by a buffet supper, were "Ray" Massey; "Willie" Bruce (Nigel to you); tough "Ty" Power; Annabella; the Sam Goldwyns, who try to be what the Fairbankses were when Hollywood was still a community, years before J. B. Priestley called the region "seven suburbs in search of a city"; the David Selznicks; Herbert Marshall; Frances ("Bunny") Doble, who was Lady Lindsay-Hogg; Geraldine Fitzgerald, who is Mrs. Lindsay-Hogg; and Bob Benchley, critic.



British War Relief Founder

Mr. Robert Appleby has raised millions of dollars in America for the British War Relief Fund, which he founded at the request of Lord Lothian. Mr. Appleby, who is a very fine after-dinner speaker, studiously avoids all personal publicity.

Miss Parker's epigrammatical poems are known to all who take the "New Yorker"; her collected edition is a treasure once come by never to be lent.

Long Island Corresponds with Lochiel

MRS. MACNEIL of Barra, Chairman for America of the Scottish Clans Evacuation Plan (which has placed several hundred children at Moy Hall, ancestral home of the late Mackintosh, and at Corrimony, leased from Colonel Haig, kinsman of the Haigs of Bemersyde), has spurred her helpers to still greater efforts by mimeographing appreciative letters from the Chairman for Scotland, Cameron of Lochiel, immensely conscientious and vigorous Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, and from his County Clerk, whose description of the children's progressive welfare bears a Scottish turn of phrase immediately recognisable.

Between Mr. McKillop's lines I can hear the whaups calling, and feel the imminence of retribution. There is no nonsense about the Nazis in this statement: "All but three children were from homes totally wrecked by the German raids."

Marie MacNeil of Barra's plan is ideally simple. Every dollar given goes direct to maintain the children, who cost about a thousand dollars a month per hundred, with their teachers and other staff. Unlike most American war charities, the S.C.E.P. donates its expenses.

Nova Scotian Wedding

OUR Halifax correspondent thoroughly enjoyed a wedding on a Canadian destroyer, the handsome bridegroom being Lieut. Desmond Piers, Royal Canadian Navy, of Halifax and Chester, N.S.; the bride, Mrs. Janet Aitken, ex-daughter-in-law of Lord Beaverbrook, and daughter of the widely respected Murray MacNeills. "It was good," she writes, "to see little Janet, whom we've all known, since she was a child, looking really happy and serene."



Duchess's Lunch Interval

The Duchess of Leinster goes to lunch at a drug store round the corner from her office at Bundles for Britain. She can only spare twenty minutes most days. She married the Duke of Leinster in 1932 as his second wife.



Children at a Gymkhana

Pauline and Johnny Rathbone, the children of Mrs. Rathbone, M.P., and the late F.-O. John Rathbone, M.P., who died on active service, were at a B.W.R. gymkhana (see article). Their mother is due in America for an eight weeks' broadcast tour shortly.

Chiefly for Children

THE Save the Children Federation had a paying dinner-party in the middle of October to hear the Hon. H. J. Allen describe his six weeks in England as "The New Crisis in British Child Life" (sounds quaintly like "bird life"), and Mrs. Raymond Gram Swing on "The Young, Young Children"—another oddly chosen title. Helen Gleason, of the Metropolitan, sang. This association, which does admirable work, has affiliations with various church groups.

"The Bridge" magazine, a source of pride and fun to the nine thousand evacuated children in this continent, has nearly sunk from lack of funds; its intrepid editor, Mrs. "Eve" Turner, reports that Lady Howard de Walden helped her by collecting the addresses of children in Canada, but what "The Bridge" really needs is a little practical assistance from Mr. Marshall Field, whose own picture paper, P.M., continues to lose astronomical amounts every month, despite sensational material.

Invitations to a B.W.R. gymkhana on Long Island read: "Bring your pony, your lunch, and your grandmother." Mr. Wintrop's field at Syosset (lovely Indian name with the emphasis on "sigh") was dotted with picnickers; big girls in jodhpurs, little boys in cowboy clothes; and Mrs. Richard Babcock with a megaphone, a whistle and a worried expression. Mounted musical chairs produced the usual *mélée*. Among the more composed were Pauline and Johnny, whose American-born mother, "Babs" Rathbone, represents Bodmin, their late R.A.F. father's constituency. They live with Mrs. Paul Hammond, another adult striving to preserve order on the field.

All New Things

WENDELL WILLKIE's "Fight for Freedom" rally at Madison Garden will be a tremendous scum, with Charlie MacArthur directing "Fun to be Free"; William Knudsen speaking on production, and Herbert Agar thundering after him. It was illuminating to hear from reader Charles Emmott, M.P., that this Mr. Agar of the Louisville paper made a better speech in London than any distinguished U.S. observer to date, not excepting Mr. Willkie, whose smile is as much part of his personality as the Queen's.

Jewish artist Isenburger, arrived from a concentration camp, is showing at Knoedlers. Those who knew more of the Riviera than its "septic belt" of casinos may remember him and his wife among the artists at Grasse. André Gide worked for his release, which came finally through illness.

Eager-for-quick-culture Americans are impressed by the compendious new "Reading I Have Liked," which presents much they have scarcely heard of, including two fine, insufficiently appreciated British spirits, Max Beer-bohm and R. B. Cunningham-Graham.

In a Seventeenth Century Setting

Mrs. Alfred Tennyson d'Eyncourt
and Her Little Girls



Mrs. Alfred Tennyson d'Eyncourt with Ruth and Jean

Mother and Daughter Survey the Garden from the Windows of Boyletts

Look Before You Slide

Major and Mrs. Alfred Tennyson d'Eyncourt have given up their home, Bayons Manor, in Lincolnshire, for war purposes, and last year Boyletts, an old timbered cottage near Chobham, became the headquarters of Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt and her children. Major Tennyson d'Eyncourt is in the Coldstream Guards, and was one of the last to be evacuated from Dunkirk. He is the eldest son of the late Mr. Edmund C. Tennyson d'Eyncourt and Mrs. Tennyson d'Eyncourt, and married in 1931 Isabel Drew, of Los Angeles, California. They have three daughters, Jean, Ruth and Melinda, the baby, who slept all through the photographer's visit, so unfortunately does not appear in the pictures on this page

*Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*





"When Ladies Meet" brings Joan Crawford and Greer Garson together as rivals in love. The film is based on Rachel Crouther's domestic-comedy Broadway success, is directed by Robert L. Leonard. Greer Garson plays wife to a publisher (Herbert Marshall) who nearly falls for one of his authors, Joan Crawford, who is loved by another man (Robert Taylor). Joan and Greer have to sing a duet together, as here

"Babes on Broadway" is Mickey Rooney's latest, in which he is trying to get a break in the show business, and has Judy Garland to go along with him through smiles and tears, songs, dances and imitations. Mickey Rooney has written a symphony which recently had its first public playing and broadcasting in Hollywood



Coming from Hollywood

Girls and a Few Men in Some New Comedies, Musicals and Melodramas



"Texas" has Claire Trevor for one of its three stars (William Holden and Glenn Ford are the other two), but not looking like this. The film is period (post-Civil War), spectacular, and dramatic. George Marshall directs it



"They Met in Bombay" is a Far Eastern drama with Peter Lorre as a rascally sailor; Clarence Brown directs. "Tonk" (with Lana Turner), in which he beats the screen's Rosalind Russell once held this record herself, with 256 words a minute



"Two Latins from Manhattan" is sure to be just the kind of film this pose of Jinx Falkenberg makes you expect—legs and glamour and music and dancing



"Three Girls About Town" are Janet Blair, Joan Blondell and Binnie Barnes, in a new comedy in which they look much as they do below. To show what Hollywood can do to its step-daughters, look above, and guess which of the three is fringed and V-signing. It's Joan Blondell



and Russell and Clark Gable as its co-stars, Gable is now making a film called "Honky" speaking record with 325 words a minute. Her newest film is "The Feminine Touch"



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Right Ideas

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS is such an engaging writer that it is hard to quarrel with what he says. In fact, there is little to quarrel with, for he uses the whole of his charm of manner for quite impeccably moral ends. He is on the side of the angels—a strong position. In one way, he has an advantage over the angels: they presumably do not make mistakes, and he does, and his sincerity about his own mistakes is one of his most sympathetic traits. It would be wrong to discount, because of his charm, the vehemence of his convictions and feelings. In *Men Do Not Weep* (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d.), both conviction and feeling are prominent. This new book of his is a collection of stories—each one being attached, in its different manner, to what one might call the predominating idea. In each tale, violence or accident plays some part: this is a series of studies of modern maladies.

The most impressive part of the book is the Author's Foreword. This hinges on notes for a "missing story" that was to have been the most important of all—its title was to be *Death of a Pacifist*. Mr. Nichols decided, I think rightly, that the theme was too big to embody in fiction form. So, in place of the unwritten story, he gives us a very careful analysis, stage by stage, of the change of his own attitude towards war. He sees that his own experiences cannot have been unique: in ways

he is a very representative man, and as such he writes of himself, with frankness and modesty. His exploration and unwilling abandonment of all sorts of pacific ideals, experiments, theories will be of interest to those who have travelled the same path. As for those who did always hold him to be mistaken—they can find only bitter pleasure in saying "I told you so."

Doves by the Crate

MR. NICHOLS, it should be said, does not at any point recant from his first ideal. But he does show how mishandling, naïvete, narrowness or wrong-headed fervour made this ideal ineffective to stem the evil of war. The impression made by his challenging book, *Cry Havoc*, placed him right in the forefront of the struggle for peace. Henceforth, a number of cranks from every part of the world were to attempt to recruit both his name and his energy in aid of their own special peace-efforts. About these many false starts and slightly too-good ideas, Mr. Nichols, though rueful, could not be funnier:

For example. [He says.] The first of my eccentrics would be an amateur baritone who composed a hymn in honour of peace. There was nothing wrong about that; it was quite a good tune and a hymn of peace is at least better than a hymn of hate. However, in addition to the hymn, this man had an Idea. Which was that he, I, a female choir of thirty, and several large crates containing one hundred doves,

should precipitate ourselves round the principal capitals of Europe, spreading the Message of Peace. The proceedings were to begin by a lecture from myself, at the conclusion of which the ladies would burst into song. Just as they were nearing the last bar the crates were to be opened and the doves would flutter delicately over the enraptured audience. I endeavoured to point out some of the manifold drawbacks to this scheme, not least among which was the fact that every time we crossed a frontier we should have to obtain a hundred certificates from an ornithologist to the effect that each separate dove had been examined and had been found free from disease. But the man would not be discouraged, and he still bears me a grudge because I was so unenterprising.

The Foreword deals, however, with considerably more constructive and less fantastic attempts to circumvent Germany's will to war. Mr. Nichols courageously associated himself with several movements that had unpopular names, or that, rightly or wrongly, aroused mirth. One may say that he hoped the best of them, and that he drew apart from them, one by one, with regret and with one illusion the less. . . . He also gives, in the Foreword, a very spritely account of Ribbentrop's social infelicities (to put it mildly) during his time in England. He was *not* the life and soul of at least one lunch-party at which Mr. Nichols was a reluctant guest.

Tears

IN *Men Do Not Weep*, the stories that I follow the Foreword have something that jars on one slightly—it is hard to say why. Perhaps their subjects are too grim for their style. Pathos and tragedy do not mix well. To call these stories facile would be unfair and untrue: they are ingenious in plot, lively in telling and effectively natural in dialogue. But the effect is, somehow, that they are superficial—at the same time, one has to be grateful that they

(Concluded on page 202)



Pianist Basil Shackleton

Noel Mewton-Wood, the young Australian pianist who made his debut eighteen months ago playing Beethoven with Beecham and the L.P.O., is giving a recital in Kent this month. On November 23rd he is playing Bach, Beethoven, Chopin and Debussy at the Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall in aid of the Red Cross and St. John Fund. He was the soloist in a B.B.C. Sunday afternoon concert not long ago



Violinist

Fritz Kreisler went with his wife to the opening concert of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra's season at Carnegie Hall. This was the great violinist's first public appearance since he was knocked down by a motor vehicle in New York last April, and suffered a fractured skull and other injuries. By June Mr. Kreisler, who is sixty-six, had already begun practising again, although he was still in hospital and barely able to walk



Novelist Bertram Park

Pamela Frankau now has a war job at one of the Ministries. She also broadcasts once a week a talk called "Straight from the Shoulder" in the Women at War series. Most of last year she spent in the States, returning to England at Christmas. She has written several short stories since war began, but her last book, "A Democrat Dies," came out in September 1939

At the Foreign Office

Mr. R. K. Law, M.P.,
Son of Andrew Bonar Law

Richard Kidston Law is one of the four or five children of former Prime Ministers who are now making their careers in the political world. Born at Helensburgh in Scotland in 1901, the youngest son of the late Andrew Bonar Law did not go into politics until he was thirty, having spent his earlier years travelling in the East and the West, and in journalism in England (the *Morning Post*) and America (the *New York Herald-Tribune* and the *Philadelphia Public Register*). In 1929 he married his American wife, formerly Miss Mary Virginia Nellis, of Rochester, N.Y., by whom he has two sons. Two years later he became Unionist Member for South-West Hull. After nearly nine years as a back-bencher, during which time the House had heard from him a considerable number of good speeches of an independent and critical kind, he was appointed Financial Secretary to the War Office in Mr. Churchill's first Government. There he worked with Mr. Eden, and some six months after the latter's appointment as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Law followed his former chief to the Foreign Office



His predecessors look down on the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from their black-and-gold frames. The big head in the top row is of Lord Bryce, and below are Lord Cranborne, Lord Stanhope, Mr. Eden, Dr. Dalton, Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, the Hon. Ronald McNeill

Mr. Law moved from the War Office, where he had spent a year as Financial Secretary, to the Foreign Office in July, to succeed Mr. R. A. Butler as Under-Secretary, when the latter moved to the Board of Education in the last Government re-shuffle

Photographs by
Pictorial Press



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

are superficial: were they less so, they might be unbearable. Mr. Nichols seems to have set himself to themes more suitable to the astringent, at times rather bleak, pens of Hemingway or Somerset Maugham. His own solicitous touch, his humour, his touches of malice and irony do seem, in some of these contexts, a little bit off the mark. But this may be a matter of quite individual feeling. One cannot underrate the skill with which the stories are told, or fail to admire the artful twist with which Mr. Nichols gives each one a quite unexpected end. Berlin during the Olympic Games, Lourdes, Nazi Vienna, the war-stricken Riviera, a South American hotel, provide some of the coloured, various scenes.

School Story

"A SCHOOL IN PRIVATE," by Mr. Philip Toynbee (Putnam; 8s. 6d.), is the best school-story that I have read since Arthur Calder-Marshall's *Dead Centre* (published some years ago). Strictly, it is a picture more than a story—Mr. Toynbee uses a cinema-like method, making effective, abrupt cuts, and moving his camera. We are given one term—the winter term—at an English preparatory school. St. Peter's, with its well-meaning headmaster, would appear, as a school of its kind, to be neither good nor bad; I should take it to be a fairly average one. There are a number of portraits, some rather haunting scenes, and, on the whole, realistic absence of plot: all sorts of crises arise, then subside again. One is shown a small, cramped world in a perpetually simmering state. Both masters and boys so lose their sense of proportion that trivial incidents loom unnaturally large.

Mr. Toynbee sees something very wrong with St. Peter's, and communicates this feeling to us. The effect of the book is to leave one more than uneasy—and this, I take it, is what the author intends. He has been far too wise and too subtle to engage upon an attack on a system. And certainly he does not write as a crank. Instead, he suggests questions one has to answer oneself. This seems to me an essentially fair book. For instance, there are no caricatures in it. The comfort (as schools go) and decency of St. Peter's, and the honest intentions with which the school is run are well brought out. The masters may be pompous or neurotic—the best of the bunch, Commander Rawlins, is neither, though his dislike of his false position makes him a drunk in his off-time—but they all try their best. The boys—with one striking exception—are far from bad little beasts. All the same, the tone of the place is stunting and stupefying—and the irony is that this seems to be no one's fault.

Purple Patch

"A SCHOOL IN PRIVATE" should dispel the idea that tends to settle on grown-up people—that small boys have only small troubles, that time will cure. The dozen or so boys of whom we get detailed portraits—some new, some half-way through their time at St. Peter's, some on the point of leaving for public schools—are already up against life, in their own ways, and their pains, their plans and their problems seem pressing enough. They are as cagey as possible with each other, and do all they can to keep out of the eye of authority. Some of the troubles are specified—this is an exceedingly frank, though not at all

lurid book, in which the author retains the sense of proportion which St. Peter's so very notably lacks.

The appearance upon the school scene of young Sparrow brings everything to a head. Sparrow, a thoroughly nasty piece of work, is a precocious adolescent of fourteen, who has run away from a public school half-way through his first term there. His relations have parked him at St. Peter's while they decide what shall be done with him next, and the effect he has on St. Peter's could not, as it proves, be worse. I admit to following with close interest the career of this obnoxious juvenile, with his tall stories, his disturbing revelations and his deadly, debonair mental cruelty that selects its most likely victim at once. I suppose that the moral to be drawn from the Sparrow incident is, that had the other boys been in better condition, one purple patch could not have done so much harm. Sparrow is loathed, and is sacked in a week or two—and some sort of normality then reasserts itself.

A School in Private may be either liked or disliked; it is unostentatiously but very ably written, and it raises problems that one cannot ignore.

Lost Man

How much can experience that has been completely forgotten affect a man's feeling throughout the rest of his life? Charles Rainier, wounded in the head in the last war, comes to to find himself on a Liverpool park bench in the rain, and, by deduction, succeeds in piecing together the personality and the background that had been his up to three years ago. He finds his way home (they had given him up for dead), and picks up his life again where he had left it off—as the younger son of a rich business family. But the intervening three years remain a blank. This is the

opening situation of James Hilton's *Random Harvest* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.), and its possibilities are very fully developed as the book continues upon its way. Rainier more than makes good; he becomes an outstanding success in business, and enters politics. But he continues to be a troubled and troubling man: the lacuna in his past is felt in his character. He is haunted by something that seems profoundly important but that he cannot at any time recollect, and his outwardly triumphant progress is joyless and automatic.

Kitty, the dauntless young step-niece who had attempted to storm his solitude by falling in love with him, abruptly flies when she realises that he does not love her, that she "only reminds him of someone else." And the woman he does marry retreats, emotionally frustrated, into worldly, frigid correctness. Then, a chain of associations picked up at random, leads Charles to rediscover his three lost years, and, inside these, the key to his mystery. I must not spoil the plot by discussing it. The dénouement is utterly unexpected, and the ending happier than one had foreseen.

T. H. White Again

"THE ILL-MADE KNIGHT" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is the story of Sir Lancelot, his ill-starred love, his adventures, retold with provocative freshness by Mr. T. H. White (who wrote *The Sword in the Stone*). The book is completely original—ten-year-old naïveté and the sophistication of Proust seem to alternate in it, with every page Temptations to quote *ad lib.* must be withstood. As reading, it goes into the "experience" class—and it is an experience that I recommend.

A Correction

Good Company, by Arthur Stanley, reviewed in our issue of October 1st, is published by Gollancz at 3s. 6d., and not 7s. 6d. as we stated.

Caravan Canserie

By Richard King

THE very pale young curates of Blaybury, our county town, are working overtime.

The spiritual needs of so many permanent and "evacueed" elderlies, all comfortably off, to attend to. So many tea-parties to fit in somehow. So much cycling to and fro. So much playful banter to give and to receive. So many sermons to preach now that the vicar has begun his winter lumbago. And in not one of these sermons must the religious feelings of these elderlies be ruffled. That would never do. They might transfer their loyalty from St. Thomas-the-Martyr to St. Jude's. The vicar would be furious. During the forty years of his incumbency he has himself never been known to express any spiritual theory which was not born of conventionality out of stained-glass window. That is why the elderlies find his sermons and his conversation so restful. They have all reached that age and state of mind which finds in perpetual repetition a very definite soothing quality. They are terrified of jolts. And no clergyman will win their semi-somnolent worship twice every Sunday and once every Wednesday who shows the least spiritual leaning towards jolting. In any case, perhaps, the concussion would be smothered by the sudden blanket of those mentally impervious to new theories long before any idea not strictly orthodox, might be set alight.

Yet I think I know the reason. Just as Man, out of sheer physical necessity, would have made his own Sabbath, so, out of sheer moral and

spiritual necessity, he would have created his own god. More likely, indeed, since the need is so infinitely more urgent. The pity is—or thus it seems to me—he, at the same time created a deity too closely approaching his own human image. And once a visible image is created, an idol is subconsciously manifest. And so—for want of a better definition—I like to believe that the Divinity is a kind of Seventh Sense which all of us possess to a greater or lesser degree, and which each one of us may increase or diminish by our deliberate way of living and thinking and feeling. It seems to lend to each individual a greater proper pride, a firmer self-assurance, a more enthusiastic determination to make of this tragic world a likeness unto Heaven—though there be no just reward at the end of time. If we look less toward the sky and more into the innermost love of beauty, with all its manifestations within our own hearts, I always think that we should find therein a god less enveloped in those perplexities and contradictions which make too many of us pause to doubt if indeed there be a God at all!

This Seventh Sense within us all will show us the way. It is for us to take it; to neglect or to tend it as we go along. Even though we half fail—as most of us do—but have striven to do our best, we shall have made this Divine practical ideal part-way a reality. And, in religion, reality is nearly all that matters.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Lawton — Stephenson

Flight-Lieut. Philip Charles Fenner Lawton, A.A.F., and Letitia Stephenson, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Henry Stephenson, Bt., and Lady Stephenson, of Hassop Hall, Bakewell, Derbyshire, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Lawton, of 19, Hampstead Lane, Highgate



Forbes — MacGlashan

Captain Peter R. A. Forbes, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, son of Com. William Forbes, R.N., and Mrs. Forbes, of Stewart Hall, Stirling, and Carmen MacGlashan, daughter of J. A. MacGlashan, and Mrs. Helen MacGlashan, late of Almeria, Spain, were married at the Chapel of St. Margaret, Edinburgh Castle



Denny — Gray

Lieut. Wriothesley Legge Montague Denny, Royal Irish Fusiliers, second son of Major and Mrs. E. W. Denny, of Garboldisham, Norfolk, and Beryl Estelle Gray, younger daughter of the late Charles Gray, and Mrs. Gray, of Pinner, Middlesex, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Urwick — Warrand

Major Lyndall Fownes Urwick, of Troutbeck, Eastleach, Lechlade, son of the late Sir Henry Urwick, and Lady Urwick, and Betty Warrand, daughter of the late Major H. M. Warrand, and Mrs. Warrand, and granddaughter of the late Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth, were married at Broadway



Corry — Ward

Lieut. John Swaine Corry, R.A., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Corry, of Yaldham Manor, Kemsing, Kent, and Theresa Dorothea Ward, only daughter of the late Sir Cyril Ward, Bt., and Lady Ward, of Christchurch, New Zealand, were married at Brompton Oratory



Luxton — James

Sergeant Pilot Walter Harold (Tony) Luxton, third son of Sir Harold and Lady Luxton, of Melbourne, Australia, and Lorna James, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. James, of Weston Manor, Tettenhall, Staffs., were married at St. Michael's, Tettenhall

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Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

H.M.S. Audacious

"Another submarine bombarded the aerodrome at Appollonia, in Cyrenaica, in the face of gunfire from shore defences, and secured several hits on hangars and other buildings."

FOR sheer downright cheek this exploit takes a power of beating! It is not usually considered fit and proper for even heavy ships to take on shore-based guns, for the best of all possible reasons—namely, because those batteries have not got Davy Jones's locker below their feet. For a submarine with her little popgun and no armour to speak of to have a smack at shore defences beats Banagher. Whatever the calibre of those shore guns, it is certain that it was much greater than that of the submarine's solitary weapon. However, you cannot stop these sailor chaps, bless their hearts!

A Fighting Sailor

THIS description is generic to the Senior Service, but in this note it is applied to the officer who has commanded in turn H.M.S. Daring, Wishart, Kelly, of glorious memory, Javelin and Illustrious, also a ship with a grand fighting record to her credit. Lord Louis Mountbatten, G.C.V.O., D.S.O., A.M.I.E.E., has now been taken out of H.M.S. Illustrious, promoted to the rank of Commodore, and recalled to England from America, where his ship was undergoing repairs, and has been detailed for some special duty for which his qualifications particularly befit him. It would seem to

be the moment for congratulations, but it is probable that the recipient does not look at it that way, for he would far rather, as I believe, be in command of a fighting ship.

Lord Louis Mountbatten was all through the last war, going in as a midshipman; he has had two "horses" killed under him in this war—H.M.S. Kelly twice, the first time in the North Sea in 1940, when she was practically dead, and the second time off Crete this year, when they got her, and the captain and his officers and crew had to swim for it; the other "horse" was H.M.S. Javelin, brought safely out of action by fine seamanship after taking a very heavy punch which ought to have been the K.O., but was not for the reason just stated.

A Fighting Family

THE first Marquess of Milford Haven, formerly Prince Louis of Battenberg, after a most distinguished record in the Service, rose to be First Sea Lord in 1914, and it was thanks to him and to our present Prime Minister, then First Lord of the Admiralty, that our fleet was mobilised and at its battle stations one jump ahead of the Germans.

The second Marquess, also a sailor, retired as a captain, having been present at the battles of Heligoland, the Dogger, and Jutland. His son, the third Marquess, is, or was until quite recently, a midshipman serving in this war.

Lord Milford Haven's cousin, Prince Philip of Greece, is a British naval officer and the son of Princess Alice of Greece, formerly Lady Alice Mountbatten, sister of Lord Louis and the wife of Prince Andrew of Greece. Prince Philip is therefore a first cousin of King George II. of the Hellenes and a double cousin of his Majesty King George VI. of England, because Queen Victoria was the great-grandmother of our King and of Prince Philip's mother; and because the King's grandmother, Queen Alexandra, was the sister of Prince Philip's grandfather, King George I. of the Hellenes.

The Bedfordshire Hounds

YOU will not find them in *Baily*, and they never have been in that excellent publication: but they existed, nevertheless, and the Master was the father of the nobleman who says that he does not know the Home Secretary and does not want to. The late Duke of Bedford, then Herbrand Russell, took a pack of English foxhounds out to India with him when he was appointed an A.D.C. to the then Marquess of Dufferin, Viceroy of India. The M.F.H. was then in the Grenadiers, but he never quite looked the part.

This pack of hounds, however, demonstrated that he was imbued with the right spirit and that he recognised that he was privileged to serve on a staff headed by a most distinguished sportsman, the late Lord William Beresford—"Bill" to all his friends, and that is the same thing as saying to everyone who knew him, bar, perhaps, the members of one of the clans of Armenia, who were in keen rivalry with him on the turf.

There was someone else on that staff at that time who made a name for himself in the world of sport, young Lord Ava, the Viceroy's son—later No. 1 of a very famous 17th Lancer polo team, *temp*: Ted Miller, Milner and Renton. Lord Ava was a



Johnson, Oxford

70 Years with the Same Pack

Major-General Sir Robert Fanshawe, of Lobbersdown, Wheatley, Oxon, is a faithful follower of the South Oxfordshire Hounds, with which pack he has hunted for seventy years. He served in the last war in the Oxford Light Infantry, was a Brig.-General on the Staff, and was awarded the C.B. and K.C.B., the Legion of Honour, and Italian Croix de Guerre

particularly nice horseman, one of those upon whom it is a pleasure to gaze.

A later Viceregal pack was the "Suffolk and Berkshire," also never included in *Baily*, and the Master and owner was the gallant grandfather of the present six-year-old Lord Suffolk. I am sure that there are many besides the writer who can remember what a hatful of fun we used to have with the S. and B., and who were at the dinner we gave to the Master at a place called Golightly Hall, Calcutta. Grand times! Grand fun!



Home Guard Cavalry

The mounted Home Guard of a Sussex district has in its ranks many famous jockeys and racing men. They provide their own horses and find them extremely useful for patrol work over rough country. Above is F. B. Rees, the steeplechase jockey who won the Grand National on Shaun Spadah, out with the Home Guard on the downs



Lord Tarbat at Oflag VII C

Viscount Tarbat, the elder son of the Countess of Cromartie, and a Major in the Seaforth Highlanders, was captured in June 1940, since when he has been a prisoner in Germany. He married in 1933 the daughter of Mr. G. B. Downing, of Kentucky, U.S.A., and they have two little girls. Lord Tarbat's place is Castle Leod, Strathpeffer



The Master and Some Followers of the South Oxfordshire Hounds

Johnson, Oxford

Foxes must be kept down even in wartime, and the South Oxfordshire Hunt is carrying on with good work. They met a short time ago at Old Marston village, near Oxford. The Master, Captain R. G. Fanshawe, was photographed with the hounds as they moved off



Some feminine followers of the South Oxfordshire were Lady Anne Fitzroy, the Duke of Grafton's only daughter, Miss Betty Brooks, Miss Delia Holland-Hibbert, daughter of the Hon. Wilfred and Mrs. Holland-Hibbert, on the famous racehorse Rockquilla, and Miss Mary Morrell

The Bell Man

ANY trainer who has sent out the winner of any big race from Sept. 3rd, 1939, onwards has had good reason to be proud of himself, for the difficulties have been stupendous: racing restrictions, forage, labour and transport are a few of them, but there have also been others which it is not permissible to mention in time of war; therefore anyone who can collect both the substitute Ascot Gold Cup and the Cesarewitch in the same season with horses in virtually the same ownership ought to be shaking hands with himself.

This is what my old friend O. Bell has done; his full names, incidentally, are Oswald Marmaduke Dalby, and he is a son of a former Governor of Queensland. It is a grand performance, and is capped by winners in some less important events. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's Finis won the Gold Cup. He is by Mr. Jack Dewar's Derby winner, Cameronian, out of Felkington, a descendant in tail-female of Felstead, Sir Hugo's 1928 Derby winner, and hence a kinsman of Rockfel, winner of the One Thousand and the Oaks of 1938, all trained by O. M. D.

All this, of course, is familiar turf history, but some that is not quite so familiar concerns my friend's earlier triumphs with a marvellous lot of ponies imported by him into India. He won the Civil Service Cup in Lucknow, then one of the principal pony races, but now an event for horses, with Idle Bell in 1904 and Bells in 1906, both in his own colours. First Bell won this race with the enormous weight of 9 st. 13 lb. in 1911 and was sold by O. M. D. to the then Maharaja of Cooch Behar. Idle Bell, with 9 st. 1 lb., won the Eclipse Pony Stakes in Calcutta in 1905 when owned by Thakur Sripal Singh; First Bell, 9 st. 3 lb., won it in 1909 when owned by H.H. of Cooch Behar, dead-heated for it in 1910 carrying 9 st. 7 lb., and won it again in 1911 with 9 st. 13 lb.—a wonderful record, as may be admitted. These Bell brands were great ponies.

Cesarewitch Horses and Jumping

NO information, not even a hint of it, but I am wondering whether we shall hear of any intention to turn the Cesarewitch favourite (and failure), Germanicus,

over to jumping. He is a gelding, he is young as jumpers go, and he has all the necessary class; also these are not times in which owners get much chance of keeping their horses employed, and this particular horse seems to be just the right type.

It is not any more likely that we shall have a Grand National next year than it was this year, but there will be a definite amount of good racing under N.H. Rules; sufficient, at any rate, to encourage an owner like Lord Stalbridge to put his 1940 Grand National winner, Bogskar, into strict training; so why not any distinguished recruits from the flat which are suitable?

Entires are never quite so satisfactory for this job because they are apt to jump too big, especially over such a rasping course as Aintree; also, they do not like being asked to go on earning their living in public much after they are five. Some entires have, of course, won the National, but on a general reckoning it is the unsexed which answer the best.

In normal times I expect that a horse of the class of Germanicus who had failed to live up to expectations in the "Grand National" of the flat would be at once turned over to what used to be called The Illegitimate.



Officers of a Battalion of the Cambridgeshire Regiment

This regiment, Territorial in origin, has a proud history of service in South Africa and Flanders. It claims to be the second oldest of Territorial units. This photograph was taken after the ceremony of the consecration of the drums. Front row: Capt. J. M. Wightwick, Rev. J. N. Duckworth (R.A.Ch.D.), Major O. K. Leach, Capt. T. R. E. Ennion (Adj.), the Commanding Officer, Major-General R. M. Lubbock, C.M.G., D.S.O. (Hon. Colonel of the Regiment), Major A. B. G. Stephen, Rev. A. Birkmire (C.S.C.F.), Major L. J. W. Seekings, Capt. J. D. Bunhall, P. H. Howard. Second row: Lieut. and Q.M. M. R. Cotton, Lieuts. H. A. Chivers, O. P. Q. Whiteman, M. M. Payne, J. P. Baunton, M. M. Bradford, E. Duncombe, F. E. Fernie, E. Snell (R.A.M.C.), R. E. Hardy, Capt. J. A. Beckett. Third row: Lieut. T. A. D. Ennion, Sec.-Lieut. P. J. Clancey, Lieuts. H. N. Tilley, H. H. Tumarsh, Sec.-Lieuts. P. J. Tharby, G. A. Squirrel, D. L. Rutter. Back row: Lieut. P. S. W. Dean, Capt. W. F. Page, C. W. R. Cullack, F. A. Grounds, Sec.-Lieut. P. R. Worsley

Getting Married (Continued)



Nightingale — Philips

Sub-Lieut. Christopher C. Nightingale, R.N.V.R., and Muriel (Buster) de Lissa Philips, daughter of the late F. D. Philips, and Mrs. H. W. Stacey, of Talland, Leatherhead, Surrey, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. N. Nightingale, of 8, Berkley Place, Wimbledon, S.W.19



Ellerton — Lambert

Paymaster Lieut.-Com. John Ellerton, R.N., only son of Admiral and Mrs. W. M. Ellerton, of Shipways Leaze, Kington Langley, Wilts., was married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road, to Evelyn Millicent Marian Lambert, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lambert, of 64, Onslow Gardens, S.W.7, and Laenare, Co. Galway



McCosh — Garry

Lieut. James Reid McCosh, R.N.V.R., younger son of the late W. W. McCosh, and Mrs. McCosh, of Cornhill, Biggar, Lanarkshire, and Shelagh Madeleine Garry, eldest daughter of Dr. M. G. Garry, of Formby, Lancs., and the late Mrs. Garry, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



Crawford — Good

Captain George Ivor Crawford, Intelligence Corps, and Dorothy Marianne Good, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. W. H. Good, and Mrs. Good, of the Manor House, Broughton, Bucks., were married at Broughton Parish Church. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Crawford, of Dryburgh Road, S.W.15

de Galeani — Maynard

Sec.-Lieut. George de Galeani, Royal Signals, son of Count and Countess de Galeani, of Broadlands, Bracknell, Bucks., and Joan Hilda Maynard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Maynard, of Steyning, Uplands Park Road, Enfield, Middlesex, were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

Souter — Eskell

Richard Michael Thomas Souter, R.A., younger son of Sir Charles and Lady Souter, of Newton Court, Church Street, W.8, and Lily Pauline Eskell, eldest daughter of D. L. Eskell, and Mrs. F. A. Eskell, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. His father is a former member of the Madras Executive Council



Fox-Male — Sippe

Flying-Officer Denis Humbert Fox-Male, R.A.F.V.R., eldest son of Major and Mrs. C. E. Fox-Male, of Warren Lodge, Ashlead, Surrey, and Angela Sippe, daughter of Major S. V. Sippe, of 2, Eastbury Court, W.14, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Reid — Bringan

Sub-Lieut (E.) David B. Reid, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Val Reid, of Brympton, Dorking, Surrey, and Betty Bringan, daughter of Surgeon-Captain J. C. Bringan, R.N., and Mrs. Bringan, of 8, Clarence Parade, Southsea, were married at Fareham

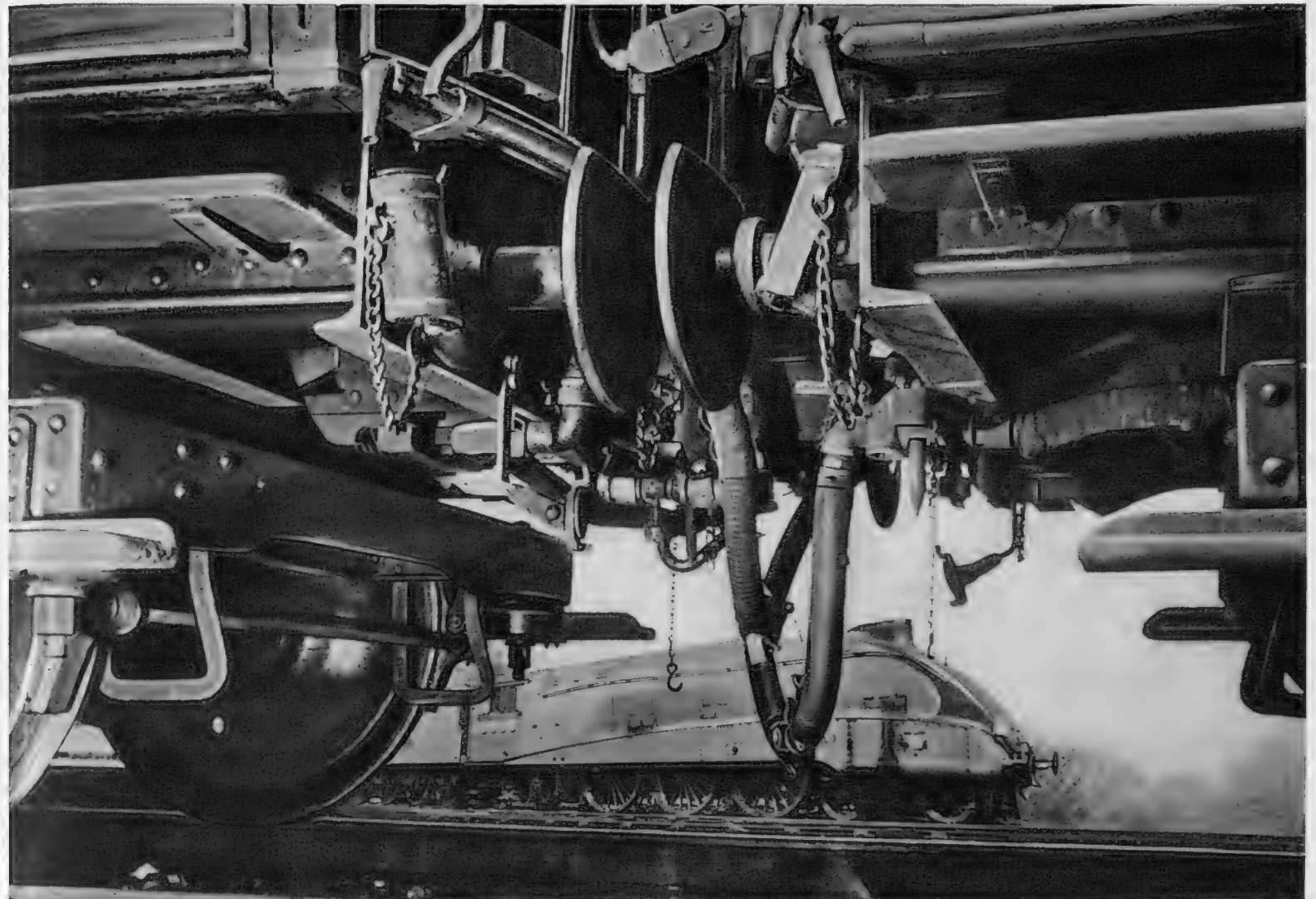
Grice — Beecroft

Sq.-Leader D. Hamilton Grice, D.F.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Hamilton Grice, of Harrow, and Section Officer Pamela Beecroft, W.A.A.F., were married at Holy Trinity, Penn. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Beecroft, of Knotty Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks. Her mother is a Squadron Officer, W.A.A.F.

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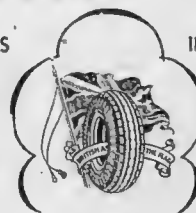
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DUNLOPILLO CUSHIONING

SPORTS GOODS

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Major Mysteries

THE war work of fitting square pegs into round holes goes forward with unexampled vigour and with it also the no less (or more) essential work of removing round pegs from round holes and grinding them down to a fine powder.

It was gratifying, at this moment of life-and-death struggle, to note that one of the most able and experienced high ranking officers of the Royal Air Force had been created Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod and was therefore in a position to perform the vital duties of usher to the House of Lords and to the Chapter of the Garter.

But perhaps a slight sense of bewilderment did come over the perspiring populace when it read that Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding had been placed on the retired list. In all questions affecting the Air Ministry and the Air Council I instinctively adopt a humble and propitiatory tone, grovelling before the elevated officials there assembled and constantly flinging handfuls of dust and ashes over my head. But in this matter of Sir Hugh Dowding I must ask, in all humility and with proper respect, what the devil they think they are playing at.

The task of Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod may be an essential national service for which it is meet that one of the most able and experienced officers should be employed; but Sir Hugh has not—up to the time of writing—been given any comparable post. Is he to be created Lord President of the Communion of the Council of Associated Guilds for the Painting of Spots on Rocking Horses?

Reward of Service

SIR HUGH DOWDING was Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, the Fighter Command, at the time of the air battle over Britain. He

it was who had organised and trained the Fighter Command and prepared it for its great struggle; he it was who held supreme command during that anxious period.

Just before war broke out I remember attending a conference at which Sir Hugh Dowding expressed the view that if the Germans sought to bomb us by daylight, they would be beaten back. It is, so far as I know, the sole instance of a high officer making a prediction about the war which proved to be accurate.

Sir Hugh was the man who set radiolocation to practical use; who perfected the whole method of "readiness" and "availability" in the squadrons; who beat General Field-Marshal Göring. In the air war he has to his credit the greatest feat yet. How can it be, then, that the Royal Air Force has no further use for his services?

After he left the Fighter Command Sir Hugh was seconded to the Ministry of Aircraft Production and went to the United States. Of course, the Air Council may have reasons for accepting the retirement of Sir Hugh at this moment. But if so I complain that they ought to have been stated.

All that has appeared on the face of it is that the officer with the greatest air war achievement in the world to his credit is suddenly placed on the retired list. Not long ago there was a similar case with a Group Captain who had unique flying experience of a specialised kind. It is all very puzzling.

Up the Poles

WHEN I was discussing the first group of Polish officers serving as fighter pilots in the Royal Air Force I mentioned the view of an English fighter pilot who was at the same station. He said that the Poles had on the average remarkably good eyesight and were



Portrait of an Air Ace

This portrait of Flight-Lieut. Finucane, D.S.O., D.F.C. and double bar, R.A.A.F., was made by Assistant Section Officer Joan Manning, a twenty-two-year-old W.A.A.F. officer, from South Africa

expert in picking up enemy machines at great distances.

He went further and expressed the opinion that the average eyesight of the Poles seemed to be better than that of our people, and put forward the interesting theory that it was because most of the Poles had lived in the open in agricultural communities. In such circumstances the eyes develop higher efficiency.

And when one notices what vast numbers of people who spend their lives in rooms and offices—where the limit of vision is a few feet away—now wear spectacles, one tends to believe the theory. At any rate, the Poles do seem to make fine fighting pilots. Give a Pole a Spitfire and you have a combination which is extremely formidable.

On the day I am writing these notes the report has come through of the remarkable sweep by a Polish wing in which seven enemy aircraft were shot down without loss to the Poles. That is wonderful work.

Footnote

A LITTLE point about air pilotage which is new to me (though I imagine the navigators know all about it) is mentioned in a paper by W. S. Alexander and O. M. Klose in the U.S. *Journal of the Aeronautical Sciences*. It concerns the relationship of wind correction angle to drift angle and points out that drift angle and wind correction angle are rarely equal.

I must say that I had always imagined that they were equal, but the authors say that "While they may be equal under certain very special circumstances, and are approximately equal as long as the ratio of wind speed to air speed is small, under other circumstances the difference between them may be considerable."

It is not so much on account of the navigational implications that I mention this as on account of the implications concerning the good old theory about the aircraft in the air being entirely unrelated to the ground and therefore unrelated in its movements to the wind speed.

This good old point (and fundamentally, of course, it is a true one) used in my young days to be illustrated by the fly in the railway carriage. The fly is unaware of his true ground speed and knows only his ground speed relative to the railway carriage and his air speed.

It seems that some modification to this theory is now necessary and that wind speed does to some small extent have an influence on aircraft air speed.



Officers of a Squadron of the Fleet Air Arm

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Lieuts. J. D. Parker, E. W. T. Fussell, G. V. Oddy, Lieut.-Com. T. Coates (C.O.), Lieuts. T. E. Sargent, P. J. Halford, Sub-Lieut. G. Knight. Middle row: Sub-Lieuts. S. W. Birse, H. V. Hicks, W. E. Kenton, S. W. James, Laurence Olivier, G. W. S. Schrier, K. A. Chare. Back row: Sub-Lieuts. J. I. Davies, H. C. Large, J. A. M. Marr, I. Morgan, M. T. Bridgeman, J. P. Scott



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*'Quality
Tells'*



Sanderson's LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE



French woollens are no longer obtainable in London, so Viyella has stepped into the breach. Sports dresses, frocks, suits and blouses and even hats are being made of it. It has passed the censorship of notable fashion designers, including Digby Morton, Muriel Bellamy and Erik. The last-mentioned is responsible for the hats on this page. Sometimes they are made to match the dress and at others to strike a contrast. There are checks, stripes, authentic tartans, and plain shades. A strong point in its favour is that it washes and wears well without shrinking or losing its colour: neither must it be overlooked that it is silken soft to the skin. It is a speciality of William Hollins and Co., and is sold practically everywhere

Simple, nevertheless distinctive, is the Viyella hat on the extreme left of this page, its charm being increased with a quill. Above it is a variation of the halo theme, carried out in deep red and green plaid. The broken "V" line, plain panel and bow trimming are in green felt. The Scotch bonnet has been the fount of inspiration for the hat seen in conjunction with the scarf. A cockade appears at the side; the scarf is merely a triangle of Viyella, which buttons at the side. This is a new note that is extremely practical. It will be noticed that the Russian influence is seen in the hat at the top of the page at the extreme right. It is trimmed with petersham ribbon and tassels



The silhouette of the ensemble from Lillywhites at the base of this page (of which two views are given) introduces a revolutionary silhouette. The dress on the left is of a fine woollen material with insertions to match the coat, which are continued at the back. The coat fits to the waist, while the skirt portion is endowed with a becoming swing, the pockets being of the envelope character. A feature is also made of the Glen-check coats and skirts. Then jersey fabrics are converted into tailored suits. Many of the dresses have high necks. Furthermore, short coats accompany tweed dresses, hence they may be worn either in or out of doors. Again, women's Service uniforms, whether stock size or made to measure, are man-tailored and built in their own workrooms. It is almost needless to add that they are correct in every detail. Particulars of accessories will be sent on application



A PERMANENT WAVE

is a necessity for women who are doing war work unless their hair is naturally curly. There is no other way to keep the hair always neat and pretty.

The demand for Eugene waves has, naturally, greatly increased this year. We are doing our utmost to cope with it, and while there is some restriction of supplies there is no shortage among Eugene specialists.

Our research laboratory staff, from the start of the war, have been preparing for difficulties of supply that were likely to arise. They are working now on problems that may arise in 1942.

As a result of their skill and foresight Eugene quality is exactly the same as it has always been.

A Eugene wave, carried out by a skilled hairdresser, at a price which enables him to give full time and materials to it, will last comfortably up to eight or nine months. It is the easiest wave to set at home. And it won't hurt the hair in a lifetime.

Pay a good price. A permanent wave using the genuine Eugene materials and Eugene technique cannot be done cheaply.

Keep the hair in good condition by brushing it vigorously with good brushes every day.

Hair that is Eugene waved, regularly brushed and washed with a mild soap is hair at its healthiest and most beautiful. No further time or money need be spent on it.

Permanently Yours

EUGÈNE



Men's clothes by
Drescott

There may be some difficulty in obtaining Drescott clothes because of the limitation of supplies imposed by H.M. Government on all civilian wear.

But they will adequately repay the extra trouble in looking for them.

M ARSHALL & SNELGROVE

From the Debutante Department

"LYNETTE"

A perfect style for evening wear, made in Nottingham lace. Gathered bodice into corselet waist and very full skirt. Colours: Ivory, Turquoise, Powder Blue, Lupin Blue, and Peach. Hip sizes 36, 38, 40, 42. Priced at four guineas.

From the Model Gown Department

"MAYFAIR"

Black crêpe short Dinner or Afternoon Gown. The beautifully embroidered gold belt is detachable. A gown that is a lovely background for one's favourite jewellery or accessories. Hip sizes 38, 40, 42 and 44 in. Price eleven and a half guineas.

From the Inexpensive Gown Department

"VALERIE"

Look charming in this delightful frock, its yoke in a light shade while the darker corselet skirt is appliquéd to a pattern on the bodice. Black/Rain Blue, and Brown/Turquoise. Sizes 38 to 43. Priced at eight and a half guineas.

Each of these frocks requires seven coupons.



LYNETTE



MAYFAIR



VALERIE

An
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of interest to ladies. Send
us your worn, well-cut
dress and we will clean,
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original good lines by
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RONSON REGRETS

that—owing to the difficulties of obtaining spare parts from America and the shortage of skilled labour — the Ronson Repair Service cannot accept any more repairs until after Christmas.

We regret this interruption of our Repair Service which has helped so many of our friends to make light of the acute match-shortage.

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Ronsonol in 1/3 bottles and Ronson Flints at 3d. for two are obtainable in limited quantities from all tobacconists.

Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

THE chorus girl was telling the other girls in the dressing-room all about her birthday party.

"You should have seen the cake," she told her companions. "It was divine. There were seventeen candles on it—one for each year."

There was a disbelieving silence for a moment or two, then her best friend smiled.

"Seventeen candles, eh?" she purred. "What did you do—burn them at both ends?"

THE road foreman, coming on duty in the morning, was taking over from the new night-watchman.

"Everything all right?" he asked.

"Quite good for my first night," was the reply. "I've checked off everything, and there's only one item missing."

"What's that?"

"The steam-roller."

A FANCY dress dance was in progress and the conversation was between two ladies sitting in a corner.

"Mrs. Smythe looks rather upset, don't you think?" said the first.

"I should think she does," replied the other. "You see, she came as a Hawaiian beauty, with grass skirts and all—and they awarded her first prize in the humorous section as 'The Old Thatched Cottage.'"

THE sculptor had invited a friend to his studio to see some of his work. The friend stopped in front of one of the statues in bewilderment.

"Why have you given the general such a peculiar pose?"

"Well," replied the sculptor, "it was started as an equestrian statue, and then the committee found that they couldn't afford the horse."



No, No! I said "The Firs"

"I WASH my hands clean of them. I repeat, I wash my hands clean," shouted the political speaker.

"Somebody give that chap a towel so he can dry up," came a voice from the back of the hall.

A MAN who had been celebrating unwisely but well came upon a workman digging a hole.

"Whash you doing?" he asked.

"Digging a tunnel," said the workman, affably.

"Where's it going?" said the jolly one.

"Under the river."

"How long will it take?"

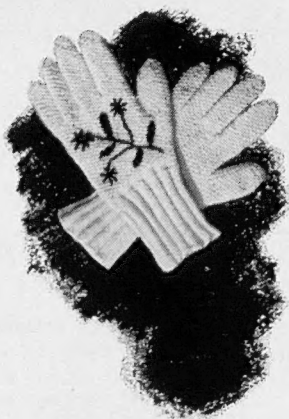
"Three or four years."

"Well," said the drunk, "I can't wait all that time. I'll take a taxi."

(Concluded on page 216)

"It's a D & N Product"

Craft leadership, style, service, quality. D. & N. Products were created to encourage the high standard of needlework beloved by the expert craftswoman and inspiring to the beginner. To-day, though coupons control, supplies are smaller and colours curtailed, D. & N. Products continue to serve with unshrinkable knitting yarns, embroideries, mendings and up-to-date instruction leaflets, through more than 1,000 high-class stockists throughout the country. Their names, with colour fringes and samples, may be had from the address below.



"D. & N. Fashion Glimpses No. 1001," gives instructions for knitting these gloves in Donspey Yarn—cosy winter gloves may be made in D. & N. SUPER FINGERING 4-ply, from the same instructions. Five other smartly knitted or crocheted accessories are in this booklet, price 4d.



DUNBAR & NAIRN, Textile Manufacturers and Distributors
Head Office: 135, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW, C.1



I can't say that I enjoy this shortage of cosmetics, but it has made me take a lot more interest in my skin. I find that a little Pomeroy Skin Food helps to offset the lack of creams, and if I use my other Pomeroy Beauty Products sparingly, I can just about manage.

Advice and treatment still available at Jeannette Pomeroy Salon, 27, Old Bond Street, W.1.

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BEAUTY PRODUCTS

The Secret of the Pomeroy Skin

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VELVET

A becoming style with deep yoke, "zips" in front—soft velvet tie at waist. In a range of lovely shades including tomato, mulberry, wine, violet, coral and delphinium. (7 coupons)

7½ gns.

WOOL JERSEY

A youthful spot design, with full swing skirt, and ample wrapover, tie to contrast. In navy, wine, saxe or delphinium. (8 coupons)

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Black Dress
...with all the
interest centred at
the back**



This attractive dress in black crêpe has interesting back detail, and plainer front. Narrow gold kid binding finishes the neck and sleeves. **8½ gns.**

(7 coupons)

From our superb collection
of Small Size Fashions—
Third Floor

Swan & Edgar

Piccadilly Circus, W.1

Bubble and Squeak (Continued from page 214)

FOR hour after hour during the night the young husband sat in the waiting-room of the maternity hospital, groaning at intervals.

At last the doctor came in beaming.

"Congratulations," he said cheerily. "You're the father of a fine healthy daughter!"

"Thank goodness it's a girl!" gasped the new parent. "I'd hate any son of mine to have to go through what I've suffered this night!"

PETER was in the habit of swearing mildly when anything didn't please him. One day the minister heard him and said:

"Peter, don't you know you must not swear. It's naughty of you to do so. Why, every time I hear you swear a cold chill runs down my back."

"It's a good thing you weren't in our house yesterday then," replied Peter. "Dad caught his fingers in the door. Why, you'd have froze to death."

THE temperance reformer was endeavouring to pluck a brand from the burning.

"Now, why don't you fight against your longing for drink?" he said. "When you are severely tempted, just think of your wife at home."

"That's no use," replied the sodden one. "When I've got a real good thirst on me—well, I'm absolutely devoid of fear."

THE hill-billy was sound asleep on the porch. His barefooted son came over and shook him.

"Dinner's ready, pa," he announced.

The mountaineer opened a sleepy eye.

"What are yer talkin' about," he drawled. "Didn't I jest eat a while ago?"

"Sure, pa," nodded the boy. "But that was breakfast. This time it's dinner."

The weary hill-billy arose with a groan.

"Doggone it all," he grumbled. "If it ain't one thing, it's another."

HITLER was making a tour of a German lunatic asylum. All the inmates lined up, and—as soon as the Dictator appeared—stood smartly to attention and gave the Nazi salute, all except one man at the end of the line.

"You, there!" screamed Adolf. "Why aren't you saluting?"

"Oh," said the man, "I'm one of the guards, not one of the inmates!"

THE young man dashed into the office of the managing director of the motor works.

"Look here!" he cried. "Is it a fact that your firm built a car in seven minutes, thirty-five seconds?"

"That's correct," replied the director, puffing at his large cigar. "We have, and we're proud of it."

"Well, I'm not," said the visitor, bitterly, "I've got that car!"

A WEDDING carriage was seen driving through the streets of London the other morning. Inscribed in chalk on the back were the words: "Result of Careless Talk."



MAURICE McLOUGHLIN

NOTICE

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



corot
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in wartime

just when you want new things—and, like all of us, have no money to pay for them—that's when corot comes in useful.

come to the showrooms

and see the new collection (of which this is only one example), all at easy prices, with plenty of time to pay by instalments.

or write for our catalogue

and order by post. we're very good at this—we've done it most successfully for 14 years!

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in-time'
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COUPONS!

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All garments must be sent through a retailer, please!

BRAEMAR

'STITCH-IN-TIME' SERVICE

INNES, HENDERSON & CO. LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND



IRON RATIONS

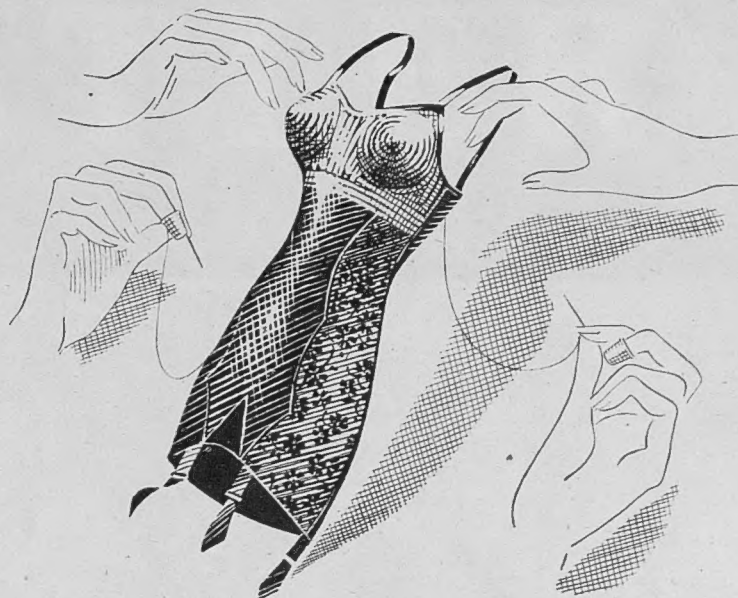
THANKS to our gallant seamen—both Navy and Mercantile Marine—this country is not on “iron rations” in spite of all that the enemy has tried and is still trying to do. But naturally there cannot be as much as usual. And that applies to things like Chocolates and Toffee as it does to other goods, for much of the raw materials of Confectionery have likewise to be brought from overseas.

So look upon your Sweets as “iron rations”—eating them sparingly, and being ready to “share” them by leaving some for others, if you are one of those lucky ones who are able to buy much as usual. We are all in this beleaguered fortress together. So let us share things out, including—



Mackintosh's ‘Quality Street’


OFFICIAL PRICES
 “Quality Street” and “Double Centre”
 Assortments - - - 8d. per qtr. lb.
 ½ lb. Box 1s. 4d. - - Handy Packet 6d.
 “Rolo” & “Butt-o-Scotch” 2½d. pr. pkt.
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A stitch in time . . . by our Wartime Service may save you the cost (and coupons) of a new Roussel Belt . . . Re-fashioned and refreshed by expert hands, your present Roussel can be made to look—and fit—almost as if it were new. But it's not an overnight miracle; please give us all the time you can. Full details at any Roussel shop.

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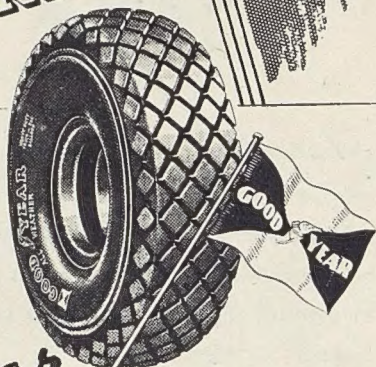
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